

THE  
Righteous Man's  
H O P E  
A T  
DEATH:

Consider'd and Improv'd for the Com-  
fort of Dying Christians; and the Sup-  
port of Surviving Relations.

To which is Added

*Death-bed Reflections, &c.*

Proper for a Righteous Man in his  
Last Sickness.

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By *Samuel Doolittle.*

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This was the first Sermon the Author  
Preach'd after the Death of his Mother Mrs. *Mary*  
*Doolittle*; who deceased Decemb. 16. 1692. and is  
since enlarged.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Cockerill*, at the *Three Legs* in the  
*Poultry*, over against *Stocks-Market*. 1693.

THE  
HISTORICAL  
HISTORY  
OF  
THE  
CITY  
OF  
LONDON

By  
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1618

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TO

His Loving Sisters,

Mrs. { Mary Sheafe,  
Tabitha Hearne,  
Susanna Pool,  
Sarah Dawson,  
Martha Doolittle.

Dear Sisters,

**T**HAT Infinitely Wise God, who does what he will, and gives not account of any of his Matters, Job. 33.13. has made a breach upon us. That God who gave at first, and for many years continued, has now removed from us a dear and tender Mother. This Arrow that killed one, wounded all; that Stroke that took away Life from her, took away an excellent Wife from our honoured Father, and a dear Mother from you and me. At once

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(fatal hour!) she was left a breathless Corps;  
be a solitary Widdower; and we Motherless  
Children. What a sad and sudden change  
is made in Persons, and Families, when  
Death knocks at the door and enters in!  
The Root now is dead, and dry; tho'  
the many Branches are yet spar'd. For ma-  
ny years, God continued us an entire Fa-  
mily: The Destroying Angel that knockt  
at many doors, visited many houses, pass'd  
by ours: When the Ax has been laid at  
the Root of many Families, when many  
Branches have been lopt off, and many Trees  
hewn and cut down; we stood in the Vine-  
yard untoucht: But Death will come, and a  
parting time will come. Will come! alas!  
it is come. The sweetness of her Temper,  
the greatness of her Love, the tenderness of  
her Affection, the Grace of God in her;  
whatever might endear a Mother, rendered  
her company delightful, and her presence a  
great part of our earthly happiness: But  
God would have her home, and would not  
that the Mansion designed for her should  
stand any longer empty. That Body which  
had many Infirmities, and which a-while-  
a-go with grief and tears we beheld pined  
and wasted; consum'd and worn with lan-  
guishing sickness, is now at rest; And the

more

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more noble Soul is now among the Spirits of Just men made perfect : Thus hath her heavenly Father disposed of her ; and is it not time to think what is our work and duty ? is it to weep and mourn ? While she lived she was worthy to be lov'd ; and now she is dead she is worthy to be lamented ; and silent Tears will, and may speak what words must not. Hath Death remov'd, and the Grave buried her out of our sight ? did she take leave of us with her cold, and dying Lips ; and is she gone, and must we see her no more ? Sad thought ! may we not weep and mourn ? we may, we ought ; but yet there is something of greater importance that such Providences call for, and should be the employment of surviving Relations.

The Rod has been speaking, and yet speaks ; Lord ! grant we may hear the Voice, and understand the Language, know the meaning, and obey the Call of it. Death hath been speaking, the Grave with open mouth hath been speaking, her last Sickness, Decease, and Funeral have been speaking : O that I, and you may have an Ear to hear what this Providence saith ! While she was with us she spent that little time, and the less breath she had in speaking for God's Glory, and the good of others. Oh ! never forget  
that

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- that Affectionate Exclamation, Oh love the Lord, all ye my Children! And being dead she yet speaketh; and with a louder Voice too. She had no greater Joy than to see her Children walking in the Truth. No doubt you are Children of many Prayers and Tears; she travailed with you again, and long'd to see Christ formed in you; and I doubt not but it was a comfort to see such probable grounds to hope you were born again: That you were not only born of her, but born of Water and the Holy Spirit; and I will venture to say she loved none so much for bearing her Likeness, as for having the Image of God. Her highest ambition was to see you good, holy, and living in the Fear of God; and when you were to change your condition, and enter into a Married state, her earnest desire was, you might Marry in the Lord, and be disposed of to such as might further, not hinder you in the way to Heaven; it did delight her, to my knowledge, in her last Sickness, that some of you have such.
- Heb. 11. 4.
- John. 3. 5.
- 1 Cor. 7. 39.

Her early Instructions, serious Counsels, seasonable Reproofs, holy Example, fervent Prayers, and many Tears spoke Love to your precious and Immortal Souls: What but  
this

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*this was the Language of all ? Lord !  
save me, and mine too ; let me go to  
Heaven, and let my dear Children fol-  
low after : Be thou a God, Friend, and  
Father to me and them ; bind up my* 1 Sam. 25.  
*Soul, and the Souls of mine in the bundle* 29.  
*of Life. And now blessed be God all of  
this kind has not been in vain. She lived  
to see the fruit of her Labour, and her  
Prayers in part answered ; and what is gi-  
ven, I hope, and I pray God it may be but  
the first-fruits, earnest, and pledge of what  
is yet behind. Have you begun well, and  
are you set out in your Journey to Heaven ?  
Go on, and hold out. Has the Spirit en-  
lightened, renewed, and changed you ? Have you  
the Likeness of God, and the Image of Christ ?  
Have you given up your selves in a serious  
and solemn manner to the Blessed Trinity,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ? Is sin your  
grief and burden ; the object of your sorrow  
and hatred ? do you oppose, resist, and fight  
against it ? persevere to the end, and the Crown  
is yours. Let nothing discourage you ; if the  
way be rugged, and your Journey tedious ; if  
you are threatened with Storms and Tempests ;  
if you find it hard to watch, and pray, to wrestle,  
and conflict, to deny your selves, live by Faith,  
and perform many duties, which are contrary  
to corrupt Nature, don't faint, tire, and give*

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out; Heaven is at the end of your Journey, and Heaven (oh believe and think oft on it!) will make amends for all: When once you are there, with an over-flowing Joy will you think of these Afflictions, Crosses, and Disappointments; for then you shall see, know, and be fully convinc'd that Infinite Wisdom made them all serviceable to your Eternal Welfare. Tho' the flesh is pain'd and swarts, yet a time will come, when you shall praise your heavenly Father for seasonable Chastisements, and the Discipline of his Rod. Tho' the flesh may be uneasy, and the burden may pinch you; tho' the Rod may make you groan, and weep; tho' Satan may tempt, and your own hearts may be ready to question your Relation to, and Covenant-Interest in God; his Love to you, or yours to him, because it is so, and so with you; yet don't say, nay, don't so much as think there are any more bitter Ingredients in your Cup than are necessary; than both the Wisdom, and Bowels of a Father advise.

Is Satan busie to fill you with doubts and fears; needless suspicions, and groundless jealousies? does he draw a Curtain before, or cast a Veil upon your faces? does he labour to magnifie y<sup>r</sup> Sins, blot your Evidences, and extinguish<sup>o</sup> your Hope; and are you cast down, and go mo<sup>o</sup> wning all the day long because of  
this?

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*this? why should you? is it not an Argument Satan has lost his game, and you are none of his Slaves, because he thus disquiets you? Do you mourn after God, and pant, and breathe for him? is it nothing but the light of his Countenance, the smiles of his Face, and a sense of his Love can content you? Are you looking to see the Image of God upon your hearts; and is it your grief, and trouble you cannot see it so plain, and legible as you should, and would, and desire? and hereupon do you conclude you have no Grace? What! when even these tears and groans tell you you have. Tho' you may walk in darkness, as many Children of Light have, and do; yet stay your selves on God, and wait for him. Oh how easily, and quickly can the breath of God scatter all these Clouds which darken your Souls, and the Light of his Countenance make a bright and a joyful day!*

*Having this opportunity to testifie my Love to you, especially to your Souls; I shall beg, and presume on my Readers patience, while upon this occasion I give you some counsels, which I pray God may be useful to you, and many more in the like circumstances.*

I. Bless God it was your Lot and Happiness, to be born of such holy Parents; whereof one is taken, and the

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other is yet left. To be the Off-spring of them who are the Children of God; to be the Posterity of those who themselves are born from, and have an Alliance to Heaven; to descend from them who are the Dear and Antient Friends of God; to be born of them who have a Covenant-Interest in God, and can lay claim to the Covenant both for themselves, and theirs; how great a mercy! what an invaluable Priviledge is it! I am far from saying, that Grace runs in a Blood, that Children are Heirs to the Graces, as they are to the Riches of their Parents; but yet it is a Priviledge to be born of such. I do, and I would have you heartily bless God for it! How sad a thought is it! I am born of them who are Enemies to God, Slaves to their Lusts, and Servants to the Devil. What a sad Example do such set before their poor Children in case they live; and what a dreadful Legacy, how many Woes, and Curses do they bequeath to 'em in case they die before 'em! I know sometimes sovereign Grace (that even of Stones can raise up Children to Abraham) cuts off the Entail: But more frequently they tread in their Fathers steps, and bear their Iniquities.

Matth. 3. 9.

But



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But how comfortable is it to sit down and think ! God a long time before my Birth, order'd I should be born of such, and such, who were his familiar Friends, and dear Servants. I have a Father, a Mother in whom I can see the Image of God ; who are united to Christ ; and sanctified by the Holy Spirit. Is it not a mercy to be the Children of such ? Are not they more likely in a serious, conscientious, and sober manner to devote, and dedicate their new-born Infants in Baptism to God ? when others only complement with God, and bring them to the Laver of Regeneration out of Custom, Ceremony, and for Fashion sake ; they will do it with a deep sense of God's Goodness and Mercy : And great may be the benefit of this solemn Transaction, and early Dedication. Will not such Parents when they look upon their own act and deed, and remember what they promised in the Name and stead of their Children, be put upon performing consequent Duties ; as earnest and fervent Prayer to God for them, a timely instructing them in the Christian Religion, setting before 'em an holy Example, and watching over their first, early, and ungovern'd years ? and how beneficial may all this be ! are not such Children like to have the benefit of an holy,

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Religious Education which very oft God blesses to Conversion? however may they not be kept from many open, scandalous, and conscience-wounding sins which in Youth They are inclined to, and Others commit? may not, and has not God blessed such for their Father's sake? These are ( does the great God as it were say ) the Children of my Covenant-servants; they were born in my Family, enter'd into my Service, and I will be their God as I was the God of their Father, and Mother; their Holy Parents devoted them to me, and I accepted, set my mark upon them; they are mine, and they shall be mine, and know what it is to be born of those who were my Friends and Favourites. What is the peculiar privilege of such!

Truly the Children of such Parents owe more thanks to God, upon this account than usually they are aware of. How few on their Knees, heartily acknowledge God's Goodness, and mercy to'em in this respect! while others pride themselves, in the greatness of their Family, the nobleness of their descent, and that they have more pure and refined blood running in their Veins than others; Bless the Lord, O my Soul! that I had a Father who was a Son; and a Mother who was a Daughter of God. This Children should do, not only  
when

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while Parents are alive; but when dead: a deep sense, and a thankful acknowledgement of God's goodness should survive their Funeral; render their memory very very pretious, and force lively praises from us, when they are fallen asleep. Let me add, that this duty is most reasonable, and the neglect of it most culpable if God hath blessed all, or any of their endeavours to our Conversion. Were they under God, the means of our first, and second birth? the instruments of conveying Natural, and Spiritual Life? Is it owing to them that we are Men, and Women; and to their Prayers and Tears; instructions and counsels that we are Christians? Did God bless our Education, and was it the means of an early and lasting Piety? Our Debt is increas'd, and a double Tribute of Praise is owing to God.

II. Learn how to make use of, urge, and plead this priviledge with your selves; and with God. With your selves, that you may live and act as Children of such Parents: with God, that you may have the Blessings and Mercies which belong to such. Urge it upon and plead it with your own Souls that you may suppress Sin, resist Temptation, and live in the constant and lively performance of Holy Duties. Israel makes use of this

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Exod. 15.2. *Argument* ; He is my God, and I will prepare him an Habitation: he is my Father's God, and I will exalt him. Lord ! ( *may such an one say* ) thou art my God, I have been devoted and dedicated to thee ; and therefore I will love, and fear ; serve, and honour ; trust in, and depend on thee : more-over, thou art my Fathers God, and my Mothers God, and as this strengthens my obligation to, so the remembrance of it shall keep me from departing from thee : my own God, and my Fathers God I will never forsake.

*Do I ( should such an one often say ) live, walk and act ; deport, and carry my self as one descended from Godly Parents ; and becoming my Hereditary Relation to God ? Do I frame my Life, and Conversation as becomes the Child, the Son, the Daughter of such a Father, and such a Mother ! oh, how may such a reflection confound, shame, and put us to the blush ! fill us with grief, sorrow, and repentance for what is past ; and be in stead of many arguments to persuade to more holy strictness, circumspection, and accuracy for the time to come !*

*Further, urge and plead this with God ; when you come to beg Blessings, Spiritual, or Temporal.*

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poral. I know you are not strangers to secret,  
and closet Prayer: you do not, dare not,  
cannot live without it: when you go take this  
argument along with you. The Argument is  
strong, when I can say, My God, it is strong-  
er, when I can go on, and say my Father's  
God. David was mov'd to do kindness for  
Mephibosheth, for his Father Jonathan's  
sake; and can we think the Heart and Hand  
of God will not be open'd, to give Mercy to the  
Posterity of his old Friends? How frequently  
did the Saints of old put God in mind of their  
holy Ancestors? saying, remember Abraham,  
Isaac, and Jacob. Jehosaphat goes to Prayer  
with this Title in his Mouth; O God, the God  
of our Fathers. David pleads this, O Lord 2 Chr. 20. 6.  
I am thy Servant, truly I am thy Servant, Psal. 116.  
and the Son of thine handmaid. Oh, how 16.  
comfortable, argumentative, and enforcing  
is it to mind God who we are; when we come  
to his Door for an Alms! to say, with hum-  
ble and holy reverence, Lord! dost thou ask  
who I am? I am thy Servant, and a Child  
too of a dear friend of thine: my Father and  
Mother were thine antient acquaintance;  
Lord, don't deny me, don't send me away  
empty for their sake; but shew mercy to me:  
My holy Parents were thine, thy domestick  
servants, they were brought up and lived in  
thy family; Lord! remember I am the Child  
a 4 of

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of such, and give me an alms. Oh, pity and pardon; sanctifie, and save me! oh, let not one descended of holy and believing Parents be a cast-away! let not me, Lord, let not me  
Mat. 24. 51. have my portion with hypocrites; when my Holy Father and Godly Mother shall sit  
Mat. 8. 11. down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the Kingdom of God! I am thine Lord. Save me! and to enforce my plea for mercy, I humbly remember thee, my Father was thine, and my Mother was thine, Lord, let me find the benefit of being the off spring of such.

III. Earnestly sue for the full answer, and return of those Prayers they sent up to God for you. 'Tis one great, and unspeakable advantage the Children of holy Parents have, that they often recommend them and their case to God. Such Prayers may do them good after their decease; and that they may, their Children should beg a return. This now should be your work, and mine: Many of these Prayers are filed up in the Court above, as appears by that saying of my dear Mother to me, Oh, pray for me! for when my Children were young, and could not pray for themselves, I pray'd for them. Thanks be to God, for a praying Mother. Now send New Prayers after the Old; Yours after Hers. Oh! suffer not so many warm, and earnest Prayers; so many  
speak

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speaking tears, and p'leading groans to be lost for want of suing to Heaven, for a rich, and speedy return. May not each go to a Throne of Grace and say? Lord, my holy Mother, who is now fallen asleep, was given to Prayer; she was a Friend of thine, and had an interest in thee, and improv'd it not only for her self, but for me: How oft I was in her mind, and upon her heart, in her secret addressees to thee, Lord, thou knowest. Did she not again, and again, recommend me to thy mercy, through the merit of thy dear Son, and her Saviour, and I hope mine too; the Lord Jesus? are these Prayers all answered? have I all the Grace, and Holiness, Joy, Peace, and Comfort she prayed for? are not many of these Prayers yet to be answered? Are not many of her requests for me yet with God? oh, now for a quick, speedy, and full return! tho' she be dead, let none of her Prayers for me be lost! Lord, that I could hear thee saying, I remember thy Mother, a good friend of mine; I remember whose Child thou art, and I am resolv'd to be kind to thee: lo! here is the Grace, Pardon, Peace, and Comfort thy Mother prayed for: she wrestled, pleaded with me, and would not let me alone, be it unto thee according to her Faith, and Prayers.

Lord,

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Lord, (may such an one say,) my Holy Parents spoke to thee on my behalf, before I was able to speak for my self; how many Prayers did my Holy Father, and Godly Mother make for me, in my Infancy, Childhood, and Youth? Lord, read over, and grant those Petitions which are of an antient Date. Tho' Death hath tied their Tongues, the Grave stopt their Mouths, and they can pray no more; yet, may the rather let those Prayers be answered that are upon the File, and are committed to the Hands, and Care of the Blessed Jesus, the great Master of Requests! Lord Jesus! do thou see that none of these be lost; but answered in the best time.

IV. Exercise a serious, solemn, and hearty Repentance for all sin. When I consider our dear, and excellent Mother was not taken away by a sudden, and surprizing stroke; but a long, and pining sickness prepared the way: that she was not taken off in the midst of her days; but lent to us for a considerable number of years: that she lived, till she saw many of her Children's Children, and did not fall asleep, nor go to Bed till towards the Evening; I would hope, there was no particular sin of ours provoked God to re-  
move



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move her at this time. But alas! we all have many sins, and should not such a Providence awaken our Repentance? It should; it tends that way; and I pray God it may. Let us search our ways, examine our hearts, consider what sin, or sins have been too much allowed, and winked at. Sin is the cause of Death to our selves, and to those whom we dearly love: these, these are the murderers of our friends, and relations; let us send an hue and cry after them; and when we have found them out, let us Crucify them. Oh, that no sin, tho' never so dear, pleasant, or secret may survive this funeral! our departed Relations have no need of our groans and tears: oh! let us labour to consecrate our sorrow, by turning the flowing streams into the Channel of Repentance, that that, which was natural, may commence Divine.

How proper is the Death of Relations to excite, and quicken Repentance! how much may the remembrance of their sick-bed Discourses; their dying speeches; their farewell counsels; and the great change one moment made contribute, to soften, break, and humble our hearts! to make us serious, and solemn in renewing our Repentance! at such a time, how easily is the passion of sorrow moved! do you weep for her? methinks I hear her (having

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- Luk. 23. 28. *no need of pity and tears! saying, weep not for me. Do you weep for sin? pretious tears! comfortable sorrow! oh! weep on; and weep more. Every Corps, Funeral, and Grave tells us what an evil sin is; and should provoke us to Repent: but when Death comes into the very House where we live, takes away one of our own number, strikes, and kills a dear Relation; when it is a Father, a Mother, a Husband, a Wife, a Child that is carried*
- Job 30. 23. *to the House appointed for all the living; the call to Repentance is more solemn, loud, plain, and particular; and ought to be more awakening.*

*After the Death and Funeral of such, Repentance is a very seasonable duty. Now*

Pla. 51. 17. *is the proper time, to offer to God the Sacrifice of a broken Heart, and contrite Spirit. Can I see Death closing the Eyes of such near Relations, parting them and me; nay, one part of themselves from the other? Can I behold their pale, wan, and ghastly Countenances; the Soul being gone? Can I see them wrapped up in a Shroud, and nailed up in a Coffin? Can I attend their Funeral, look into the dark, and deep Grave where I must leave a—to Worms and Rottenness and not think hardly of sin; and not resolve by the Grace of God to kill, and mortifie it? at such*

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*a time who does not cry out ? ah cruel death !  
ah cruel death ! but hath not every one much  
more cause to cry out ? ah cursed sin ! ah  
cursed sin ! the death of this friend, of this  
Relation, this Funeral, and all others O cursed  
sin, is owing to thee ; and henceforward I  
will endeavour thy destruction and ruin.*

V. Be very careful to keep God among you. Do, what in you lieth that God may be the God of your Posterity after you : that they under you may lay claim to the Covenant, and the Blessings of it. Endeavour that Religion in the Life, and Power of it may flourish, not only in your own Hearts ; but in your families. Let not FAMILT PRAYER be thrust out ; nor adjourned to those hours in which you are least of all fit for this awful, and important duty. May we all strive to keep up the friendship begun between God and our Family ! Since God hath made all of you (except one) Mothers: reckon it is your duty to bring up your Children for God : teach them to know your God, and your Fathers God, and that God, to whom in Baptism you have devoted them ; that when you shall be dead, cold, and rotting in the Grave ; they may be serving and honouring God in your place and stead. That Religion, and the fear of God may not die out of your Families,

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milies, when you shall. 'Tis true you cannot give them Grace; but you can instruct, teach counsel, advise, exhort, and persuade, &c. you can set a good example, you can pray to God for them; and plead that Covenant, you entered them into almost as soon as God gave them to you: and all this you ought; and I hope you will be careful to do.

Tho' the presence, awe, and fear of living Parents may restrain Children from some sins and vices; tho' their examples, and counsels may influence them so far, as to persuade them  
2 Tim. 3. 5. to take up a form of Godliness; yet (oh, what Tears are sufficient to bewail this fatal degeneracy!) what a dead, spiritless, and lifeless thing is the Religion of many such, as soon as their godly Parents are Dead, and cold in their Graves! how oft doth that ground that was manured, and cultivated, plow'd and sown; ay, and watered with many showers of Tears, bring forth a sad crop of Briars and Thorns! Some Children are a grief and heart breaking to their Parents while they live; and many more, are a reproach, and disgrace to them when dead and gone: how many Children of such Parents, notwithstanding the benefit of a good education, seasonable instructions, wise reproofs, and timely counsels, live at that rate, that they are a blos

## ..Dedictory.

to their family, and a disgrace to their name! If any such shall chance to read these lines I charge them in the name of God, to consider what a sad case they are in; and I pray God to convince them of their sin and folly, and how near they are to a sudden, and final ruin. Would to God, such would consider how greatly they will be ashamed; and how little they will have to say for themselves when the Prayers and Tears of their Living; and the Dust of their Dead Parents shall rise up in Judgment against, and condemn them. But I hope better things of you and things that accompany Salvation tho' I thus speak. Oh, let it still be your study and care; and let it be more and more so every day to promote piety, and holiness in your own Souls, and to propagate it to others who are descended from you! that so long as any branch of this Family remains, the fear of God, and a care of Religion might flourish. To conclude, there is one thing very amiable, and which your Relation peculiarly calls for; and that is LOVE: this I think I should hardly have mentioned, because I hope you are taught of God to love one another, if I had not received it among the last Commands of a Mother, who had so much of this Grace her self, to be your Monitor in this particular. Now the Lord sit you, and me to follow; that at  
the

Heb. 6. 9.

1 Thes. 4. 9.

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## The Epistle, &c.

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the Resurrection of the Just we may meet  
our Dear Mother, who now sleeps in Jesus;  
and our Honoured Father, who is yet with  
us, and whom God long preserve, for ours  
and his Churches sake, with Joy and Tri-  
umph. That they may say, lo, here are we,  
and all the Children thou didst graciously  
give us. Amen.

Reading, Feb.  
28. 1697.

Thus Prays in all sin-  
cerity your truly lov-  
ing, and very affecti-  
onate Brother

*Samuel Doo-little,*

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THE  
 Righteous Man's Hope  
 AT .  
 DEATH;

Consider'd, and Improv'd;  
 For the Comfort of Dying Chri-  
 stians, and the Support of Survi-  
 ving Relations.

Proverbs 14. 32.

—*But the Righteous hath hope in his Death.*

Death! with what a grim counte-  
 nance, and terrible aspect doth  
 it look upon the Children of  
 Men! What a sharp, and startling  
 word is this! what a doleful sound does it  
 make in the Ears of those who are yet  
 alive! Death! the more we muse and me-  
 ditate upon it, the more doth it amaze  
 and scare: A short glance, a fleeting  
 B thought

thought makes poor mortals tremble ; a fixt and solemn, a deep, and serious meditation fills with shivering horror. Death ! how do the thoughts, and prospect of it damp our Joys, spoil our Mirth, imbitter our Life, and infuse Wormwood and Gall into our sweetest Cup ! How do the near approaches of it cast us into cold clammy sweats, and mortal tremblings ! How doth every day (when we give our selves the liberty of thinking,) partake of the horror of our last ! Death ! what a serious, useful, and awakening Argument is this ; and yet how seldom do busie mortals entertain themselves with the thoughts of it ! Every Corps that is carried along the streets ; every Coffin, and Death's-head we behold ; every Funeral we attend ; every Grave that is digg'd, with open mouth tells us we must die : We may read our own fate, on every Tomb-stone. Oh ! how many, and what powerful Preachers have the Living ; and how many Lectures of Mortality are daily read, and yet is there not need, that almost every Preacher, and every Sermon should mind us of what is sure, and near at hand ; a dying hour ? Death ! what a mournful word ! what a melancholy Theme is this ! Dead ! unwelcome message ! sad news ! heavy tydings to the  
surviving



surviving Relations! is he, or she dead? What! an old Friend, a loving Father, a tender Mother dead! doleful hour! dismal spectacle! Dead! what do you now see? their charming Beauty marr'd; their Eyes closed, their Teeth set, their Countenance chang'd, and the Man turn'd into a lifeless, breathless Corps: Anon, you see him nailed up in a narrow, scanty Coffin, and after a few days, (when we have fed the sorrow of our hearts with the sight of our eyes;) we lodge them in a cold, and deep, dark, and silent Grave: And must we leave the delight of our hearts, the desire of our eyes, those whom Nature and Grace made dear to us, those whom we loved even as our own Souls; among an Army of crawling Worms, and among the cold Clods of the Valley? Must we see their faces, enjoy their company, and converse with them no more? no more! sad thought! no more! killing word! O Death! Death! what a cruel Enemy art thou to Mankind!

What dark and gloomy, what sad and melancholy thoughts are these; especially, when Death hath set a pattern of Mortality before our eyes, and we are but lately come from the HOUSE of MOURNING! upon such an occasion

David burst out into tears, and spoke in all the figures of a sorrowful Rhetorick;  
 2Sam II. 33 *O my Son Absalom, my Son, my Son Absalom; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my Son, my Son!* These Arrows of Death that kill one, wound the many, that are left behind, and the wound is so deep, that many times it proves mortal: They only live to weep, sigh, and groan, to bury their dead; and then they come home, and die too; and those that *lived*, are content to *die* together. *Life!* how sweet, pleasant, and delightful is it! *Life!* how amiable and desirable is it! with what earnestness, and passion is it courted by most! how willing are poor Mortals, to tear out their Bowels with Vomits; to punish the flesh, with fasting, and abstinence, and tie themselves up to the tedious, and troublesom prescriptions of Physitians! how willing are they to take the bitter Potion they loath; and how patient under the cutting of the Lance, and teeth of the ragged, and torturing Saw! how willing are they to lose a dear Member, that *Life* might be preserved! Men stick at nothing to preserve this dear thing we call LIFE. How chearfully do men *die daily*; that they may not *die once* for good and all! *Life!* how excessively fond are most of it! *Life* gives

gives us the opportunity of enjoying those pleasures, that are soft, and charming; but Death renders us incapable of any, and who almost, doth not live in bondage thro' fear of it?

But tho' there are many great, and terrible evils in this one frightful thing, DEATH; (yet thanks be to God) we Christians, are not left without something to mitigate, and allay our sorrow for the death of our godly Friends, and holy Relations, who are gone *the way of all the Earth before us*; and to fortifie, and arm us against a tormenting, and slavish fear of our own; who in a little time must fall asleep too. With a design to help my self, and others against both these; I have chosen these words to insist on; *But the Righteous hath hope in his death.*

In handling of this Argument, which may contribute very much to the support of living, and comfort of dying Saints; I intend to proceed in this Method: I shall,

*First*, Open, and explain the Character of the person here spoken of; and who is to be the Subject of our present discourse.

*Secondly*, Consider what is here supposed, and taken for granted with reference to this Righteous man; and that is, he must die.

*Thirdly*, Consider and amplifie the priviledge of such an one; as having hope in his death.

*Fourthly*, Make some practical improvement of the whole; in applying all to our selves; who are yet alive, but must certainly, and quickly, die.

*First*, I shall consider, and explain the character of the Person, who is intended in these words, and who hath some priviledge beyond the rest of mankind. Here, is mention made of a very great benefit: and that none might think, it promiscuously belongs to all, the Holy-Ghost gives us the character of the Person concerned in it, [the Righteous] for opening and explaining the character I have not time, neither is it necessary to give an account of the several acceptations of the word, it is sufficient to take notice that this word [Righteousness] which peculiarly qualifies, and distinguishes the subject of our discourse, is frequently used in a two-fold sense.

*First*; In a more limited and restrained sense: and so it is no more than a particular Vertue, which inclineth and disposeth a man to give to every one his right. When a man doth not by any little tricks, or cunning artifices, which the Wits of our Age call mysteries of Trade; go beyond, defraud,  
over-

over-reach, or wrong another he is Righteous : this is a considerable branch of morality, a duty belonging to the Law of Nature, and hath its proper place among the duties of the second Table. Were this Virtue more common we might deal with our fellow Creatures, with more openness and freedom, with more plainness and less fear : we might trust another without surmise, suspicion, and jealousy. This virtue is famous and renowned, and that justly too, among Heathens ; and would God there were more of it in the Christian World ! Were all men just and upright, honest, sincere, and plain-hearted in their commerce ; as unwilling to impose upon, and wrong another, as they are loth to be deceiv'd and cheated themselves ; did they manage their affairs without that *Wisdom*, or rather cunning Sophistry which is from *beneath*, and therefore is not only *earthly* and *sensual* ; but *Hellish* and *Devilish* too, what a blessed World, and what an happy reformation should we see ! But tho' this be good and laudable, and more of it is to be wisht for ; yet it is but a particular Vertue, and tho' it adorn the man, it will not make, nor denominate him a Christian. It is only like the painting and garnishing of a Sepulchre, that makes

Jam. 3. 15.

it indeed more specious, and beautiful; but leaves it as full of stench, and rottenness as it was before. This is a Flower that grows in the Garden of Nature, and may spring up and flourish in that Heart, which is wholly barren as to any of the saving fruits of the Holy Spirit. There may be *this fruit* in the Life, when there is a *root of bitterness* in the Heart; such an one is like an embalmed Carcass, that is as really dead, as a putrified one tho' not so loathsome and offensive to the Living.

Heb. 12. 15.

This particular Righteousness will not legitimate our hopes, nor justify our claim to Heaven. Many of these Righteous Men will be excluded the Kingdom above: tho' they shine as Stars in this World, they shall set in everlasting darkness in the next.

They serve at present like Salt, to keep the World from putrefying and corrupting; but at length like Salt which hath lost its flavour, they shall be cast unto the Dunghil. Indeed this falls in with the character of a good man; but it doth not make up the whole of it. This Righteousness that is at present under our consideration, is more extensive and large, of a more Universal and comprehensive nature: and that it must be so, appeareth by

by what it stands in a just, and direct opposition to in this verse [ the Wicked: ] this word doth not denote a Man guilty of one particular crime, or some sinful act; but a man that is habitually and statedly bad. Nothing more common and frequent in the Sacred Writings, than the opposition of righteous, and wicked, and both these terms, here, and in many other places must be taken in a large and comprehensive; and not in a limited and restrained sence. This Righteousness which is but a single, particular Vertue, is a part, and member of the new Creature, without which let men pretend what they will it is but a deformed Monster. Good God! how doth Satan impose upon, and our own Hearts deceive us, when we can conceit our selves to be *good Christians*, when we are not *honest men*! Tho' this be necessary, yet there must be something more to constitute the nature, and compleat the character of a Righteous Man; and this single and solitary Vertue, is not sufficient to qualifie any for so high a privilege, as this in the Text. Therefore,

Secondly, *Righteousness must be taken in a more large and extensive sense; comprehensive of much more than hath been spoken of under the former head.* Now there is a  
three-

three-fold righteousness, which we may take notice of, that we may find out what is essential to characterize the Person here spoken of.

I. *A Person may be denominated righteous, from an exact and entire conformity to the Law of Works.* Righteousness is a relative term, and doth arise from a conformity to that Law to which it hath a respect; and if it have relation, and be adæquately correspondent to the law of works, made for innocent man it is a legal righteousness. When a man is inwardly and outwardly, in the frame of his Heart and actions of his Life; in his deportment towards God, and in his carriage towards men, such as the Law requires, he is righteous: when every thought, motion, and passion, every glance of the Eye, every word of the mouth, and every step he takes, is such as the Law requires; when the Divine Law in every point and punctilio of it, is written in the Heart and fairly, without any blots, and blurs, transcribed in the Life; when every precept is obey'd, and every commandment observ'd in the whole latitude and extent of it; when obedience is entire without any defect; perfect without any flaw; Universal without breaking the least command; Persevering without any Apostacy;



cy ; when all duties, personal and relative, publick and private, to God and Man, are performed ; and no one circumstance, tho' never so minute is omitted, then is the man righteous: he is so in himself, in the Eye of the Law, and in the Account of God. This Righteousness is nothing but a perfect and sinless obedience. This was the righteousness of Innocent *Adam*. This is the righteousness of confirmed Angels ; those elder Brethren of ours who have always been with our Father, and never offended him, they can *lift up their faces without spot* ; tho' Job. 11. 15. to signifie how they are awed by, and reverence Divine Majesty, they are said to *cover them with their Wings*. This is Isa. 6. 2. the righteousness of our Redeemer ; he is stiled emphatically *the Holy one of God* ; and *the Holy Child Jesus* ; and *Jesus Christ the Righteous*. I Joh. 2. 1.

But this is not the righteousness of any of *Adams* wretched posterity. Behold *We are all of us as an unclean thing* : our blood was stained in the first fountain of it ; and we derive ( sad thought ! ) guilt and pollution with the humane Nature. We are guilty before we are born, and sinners as soon as we are men ; for by the disobedience of one Man many were made sinners. Now ( deplorable state ! ) the whole Rom 5. 19.  
World

Rom. 3. 19. *World is become guilty before God : the Law convinceth all of sin ; among all the Children of Apostate Adam in this sense, there*

Rom. 3. 10. *is none righteous, no not one.* Our original sin, were we guilty of no actual transgressions ; one spark of Lust glowing in our Hearts, did no smoak or flame break forth at our Mouths, renders us unrighteous in the account of the Law ; nay having once sinned, it can never be possible to be denominated righteous by this Law, which condemns for one single crime, as well as for a thousand. Our whitest Garments have some spots and stains ; and the fairest Christian many blemishes and wrinkles ; our best duties have many failings, as to principle, manner, and end ; our purest gold much dross, and our strongest Graces many defects ; having a corrupt nature within, every thing that cometh from us, like pure Water out of a musty Cask, is tainted : our persons, duties, and graces, want the blood of Christ to wash ; and the Mercy of God to pardon them. If the holiest man upon Earth ( Lord what will become of the ungodly and the sinner ! ) should be tried by the Law, in the Court, and at the Bar of Rigorous Justice, he would be cast as unrighteous : He even he must say with Ho-

Psal. 143. 2. *ly David, Lord enter not into judgment with thy Servant.*

2. A

II. *A man is Righteous as interested in the perfect Righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Christ's Righteousness was not only for himself, but for his members; though this be inherent in the Person of the Mediator, yet we have as much benefit by it, as if it were Subjectively in us. The Sufferings and Death of Christ were not for his own Sin but ours: *He was made Sin* <sup>2 Cor. 5. 21.</sup> *for us, i. e. our Propitiatory Sacrifice, and We are made the righteousness of God in him;* we have the fruit of his bitter sufferings and cruel death. He fulfilled the Law, satisfied Justice, and paid our Debt, and for his sake God looks upon, and deals with believers as righteous persons. As the disobedience of the first *Adam* makes us *Sinners*; so the perfect and sinless obedience of Christ the second, makes us *Righteous*: As our sins were laid upon Christ, in order to his bearing the punishment; so his righteousness by a gracious and favourable act of God, our Supreme Judge, is made ours, in order to justification. Our own righteousness is both a filthy and ragged garment, through this God our final Judge, will spy the deformity, and nakedness of our Souls; and Christ our Elder Brother (infinite grace!) covereth us with the unspotted robe of his own. Christ took our sins, and gives  
us

us his righteousness; blessed Exchange! From *Adam*, our natural Root and Father, we derive Guilt, Weakness and Death; from Christ our Spiritual Head, we have *Righteousness, Strength* and Life; and therefore he is stiled, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS**. This is the only Righteousness we must make mention of, when judged according to the Law given to *Adam* in innocency: A Penitent and believing Sinner, that receiveth Christ Jesus, the Lord, is for Christs sake esteemed, reckoned, accounted, and dealt with as a righteous Person. Though this righteousness be of a peculiar consideration, and cannot be thought to be meant in all those places, where this word *righteous* occurreth, yet it is absolutely necessary; for Christ, and what he hath suffered, and done is the Spring, Cause, and Foundation of our hope. The immediate and doleful consequence of being *without Christ*, is to be *without hope in the World*: This fruit grows no where but upon Christs Cross; it is his Death that made Heaven possible to a fallen and Apostate creature, and it is the sprinkling of this Blood, that revives our languishing, withering, and dying Hopes. Oh! Blessed are they who having no righteousness, or at least, but a maim'd

Isa. 45. 24.

Jer. 23. 6.

Eph. 2. 12.

a maim'd, defective and imperfect one of their own, are interested in the Righteousness of Christ, in the Righteousness of God!

III. *A man is Righteous, and may be denominated so from that personal Evangelical righteousness, that is inherent in himself.* We must not only be interested in the Righteousness of another without us; but have one that is really subjected in our selves: Or, which is all one, we must not only have Righteousness imputed, but Holiness imparted. Christ doth not only cover our running sores, and ulcers; but undertakes as our Physician to cure them. All Righteousness, as hath been already hinted, consists in a relation to some Law; and that we might truly State what this Evangelical Righteousness is, that hath so great a Privilege entail'd upon it, as this in the Text; I hope none will be offended, if we distinguish (as we find the Apostle Paul doth,) of the Law of Works, and the Law of Faith; the one framed to the State of an Innocent; the other adapted to the condition of an Apostate Creature. According to this latter it is, that those who have once been Sinners may be made, and denominated Righteous. "That part of the Gospel revelation which contains

Rom. 3. 27.

Mr. How's  
Blessedness  
of the Righteous,  
p. 26.

“contains and discovers our Duty, what  
“we are to be and do in order to our  
“Blessedness, being as to the matter of it,  
“the whole Moral Law, before apper-  
“taining to the Covenant of Works, at-  
“tempered to the State of fallen Sinners,  
“by Evangelical mitigations and indul-  
“gence, by the Super-added Precepts of  
“Repentance and Faith in a Mediator,  
“with all the other duties respecting the  
“Mediator as such; and clothed with  
“a new form as it is now taken into the  
“constitution of the Covenant of Grace  
“is the rule of this righteousness.

He that solemnly repents of his wretched Apostacy from God, and all the sins that have followed thereupon; he that is united to Christ by Faith, and yields sincere, though imperfect obedience, from an active and living principle within; he that is renewed and changed, turned from the love of sin in his heart, and the practice of it in his Life; he that hath solemnly and deliberately, sincerely and unfeignedly, covenanted with God, and dedicated himself to the Sacred, and Glorious Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit and lives suitably to such a devoted State; He that is born of God, bears his Image, lives in communion with, and walks in conformity to him, is righteous:  
Though

Though his bloody issue may not be wholly dried up ; though there be indwelling sin in the heart, and some sins and falls in the Life, though no grace be perfect as to degree, yet if there be SINCERITY and UPRIGHTNESS (Oh ! look after that ) he is a righteous man. The Law calls for perfection, but the Gospel ( Oh ! thanks be to God, we are under such a merciful, favourable. and gentle dispensation, ) accepts sincerity. This righteousness is not meer morality, a being just and honest in our dealings ; this is the righteousness of an *Heaven* : It is not an external observation of the Letter of the Law ; this is the righteousness of a *Pharisee* ; and ours must exceed his, or we cannot *Enter into the Kingdom of Heaven*. Mar. 9. 20. It is not a single act, but a stated temper ; it is not an obedience that Proceeds from rotten, but what flows from sincere and gracious Principles, denominates a man Righteous. A wicked man may do some acts of Devotion and Piety, Charity, and Justice, Sobriety and Temporence, but because the settled bent and inclination of his will is another way, he is not righteous : And though a good man may be guilty of some Errors and miscarriages in his Life, yet while this living Principle remains, and is not extinct

ting we *may*, and if we will speak in the Language of the Gospel, we *must* call him a righteous Man. This Righteousness is nothing but a transcript of the blessed Gospel; a conformity in the inward, and outward man, in spirit, and practice to the Divine Revelation made by Jesus Christ: A renewed and vital principle in the heart exerting its self in suitable deportments to God, and man. In sum, Repentance from dead Works, and new Obedience, impregnated by Faith, and Love, are the two essentiating and constitutive parts of this Gospel Righteousness.

For the establishing of this notion, it is not necessary to insist on any laborious Proof; when a great part of the Bible speaks to this purpose: Hear once for all what the Apostle saith: *He that doth Righteousness is righteous.* What can be the meaning, what can be the import, what sence can with any tolerable shew of reason be assigned; but what suiteth with our present notion? *He that doth Righteousness i. e.* He that perfectly obeys, fulfils the whole Law *is righteous*: Is this the meaning? Then God help and pity us, where shall we find a righteous man? Is it, *He that doth righteousness*, that is, he that being in a State of grace lives



lives up to the rules of the Gospel ; is guilty of nothing but what is consistent with sincerity ; and is continually labouring after perfection *is righteous* ? Is this the import, and genuine sense of this phrase ? Then thanks be to God some such are to be found . And thus much for the first General, the Character of the person here spoken of.

Secondly ; *We are to consider what is here supposed and taken for granted, with reference to this righteous man ; and that is, he must die.* It may be you may think such an one as I have described should have a Protection ; be privileged from that which is the common lot of others ; be waisted over to Heaven, from one World to another and not see Death ; be caught up to Paradise and not be put to the pain of dying : But it is supposed, and taken for granted in the Text, that the righteous man must die.

'Tis true indeed our Lord Jesus, the Captain of our Salvation hath perfum'd the grave ; conquered death ; and destroyed him that had the power of it : He encountered this enemy, conquered, and triumphed over it, and every righteous man shares in that victory, and triumph. Christ hath destroyed the power, chang'd the nature, pluckt out the sting of death ;

and disarm'd it of its terrors ; and the  
 righteous may boldly challenge it, and  
 with an exuberant joy triumph over it in  
 the words of the Apostle : *O Death, where*  
 1 Cor. 15. *is thy Sting ? O Grave, where is thy Victory?*  
 55. *The Sting of Death is Sin, and the strength*  
 v. 57. *of sin is the Law. But thanks be to God,*  
*which giveth us the Victory through our Lord*  
*Jesus Christ. Thus (O happy men !)*  
 may they triumph over death : But yet  
 their righteousness cannot, shall not deli-  
 ver them from the stroke of it : No, no,  
 Saints, and Sinners ; Good, and Bad ;  
 the Holy, and Prophane ; the Righteous,  
 and the wicked are under the same uncon-  
 troulable necessity of dying : Though  
 they shall not be damned ; yet they must  
 die : Though they shall not be sent to  
 Hell ; yet they must go to the Grave :  
 Though they shall be saved from that  
 hot, fiery furnace ; yet not from the cold,  
 dark, and silent Pit : Though their Souls  
 shall not become a Prey to Devils ; yet  
 their Bodies must become a Banquet  
 for Worms : Though the Soul shall not  
 be rackt, and tortured in the dismal  
 Regions below ; yet the flesh must see  
 Corruption : Though they have Mansions  
 in Heaven ; yet Sicknes will shake ;  
 shake ! Alas ! Death will pull down the  
 Walls, and tear up the very Foundations  
 of

of their *Earthly Tabernacle* : Though they shall go to Heaven ; yet death will carry them thither in its cold Arms. Because Christ who is their Head, and Husband *Lives they shall Live also.* Live ! Where Joh. 14. 19 shall they live ? In *Yonder* glorious Heavens ; in *Yonder* blessed abodes ; in Mansions of light , far above *Yonder* shining Sun ; there, there it is these righteous ones shall live : But alas ! They must die first. Death hath been, is, and will be the passage to eternal Life : And the Grave is in our way to Heaven. As Death spares none for their tenderness and Beauty ; honours none for their wealth and grandure ; fears none for their strength and power ; reverences none for their Grey Hairs and Hoary Heads ; reprieves none for their flowing tears, and passionate entreaties : So neither will it pass by any for their Piety, Religion, and Righteousness : With death there is no respect of Persons ; all must become a sacrifice to, and lye Wounded, Bleeding, and Slain at the foot of it. Holy *Job* cries, Job 30. 23 *I know, thou wilt bring me to Death, and to the House appointed for all the Living.* And *David*, 1 King. 2. 2. *I go the way of all the Earth.* This Heb. 9. 27. is among the Decretals of Heaven : For *it is appointed for men once to die.* Righteousness is no Armour against the arrows

of Death: No they will strike through, and through, and stick in our Hearts.

What is become of the holy *Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles* of our Lord Jesus? Where are they? Where! Dead and Gone. Where are they? Their Souls are praising God in Heaven; and their bodies sleeping in the dust of the Earth. Your holy ancestors and progenitors, that were the friends of God, where are they? Where! Alas! They are dead and gone, *and their Sepulchers are with us to this day:* they served the Will of God in their Generation, and then died; and after the experience of many Ages, may we not ask and easily answer that Question of the *Psalmist? What man is he that liveth; and shall not see death?* Had we the meekness of *Moses*, the Faith of *Abraham*, the Integrity of *Caleb*, the Patience of *Job*, the Piety of *David*, the Wisdom of *Solomon*, yet we must die; for lo these *Men of God* are gone before us: for how many Ages, have these righteous ones been sleeping in the bosom of the Earth; our first, and common Mother! When we read in the Sacred History of the Holy Lives, eminent Graces of Gods dear Saints; how useful and serviceable they were in their time and place; where, and how long they lived; do not we find, *and then he died,*

died, concludes the History, and makes up the Period? Oh! how vast are the Dominions, how extensive is the Empire of the King of Terrors!

In the Sacred Story we read but of two only, viz. *Enoch*, and *Elias*, who by an especial grant, and privilege were exempted from this Law of Death: they went immediately from Earth to Heaven; when all others (except those who shall be found alive at the end of the World) must take the Grave in their way: they were like living plants, transplanted to the Heavenly Soil; when our Bodies like Corn that is Sown, must first rot, and dye, and then spring up again.

Death (as things now stand) is a debt that we all owe to Nature; and will not be remitted, no not to the Friends of God themselves. The Saints are originally out of the same dust; they as well as others dwell in Houses of Clay, and Earthly Tabernacles; and tho' they may be repaired by Food, and Physick; yet at last they will tumble: the Body of a Saint is not made of more lasting Dust, and durable Clay than the Body of a Sinner. I grant that Sinners may impair their health, and weaken nature, by gluttony, and drunkenness, and other acts of intemperance; how many unclean persons, who have

frequented the House of the strange Wo-  
 Prov. 2. 18. man; have found that *her House inclineth*  
*to death, and her path unto the Dead!* Ah  
 wretched men! sottish sinners! What do  
 they do, but violently break the thred of  
 Life; When it might have been spun out  
 to a further length by sinning against God,  
 they murder their Bodies; as well as  
 damn their Souls: send one to the Grave,  
 and the other to Hell before the time.  
 Infinite folly! But yet the most holy, and  
 righteous have the seeds of corruption in  
 them, and are mortal: as the Garment  
 breeds the Moth which frets it; So we  
 Eccles. 12. 5 the Diseases which sooner, or later will  
 send us to our *long home*. The righteous  
 are subject to the same sicknesses and di-  
 seases as others are; to burning Feavers,  
 pining Consumptions, and to Old Age,  
 which is attended with 100 and 100 infir-  
 mities; and is of all diseases the most in-  
 curable. Life is a Candle which if no  
 Stormy, and ill-natur'd Winds blow out;  
 when it is burnt down into the socket, will  
 go out of its self; a thred which if no  
 scorching Feaver burn, time will wear, and  
 old age will fret asunder. *This body*, tho'  
 there be an Holy Soul inhabiting in it; is  
 such an house, that if it be not pulled,  
 will tumble down of it self. Tho' Wis-  
 dom hath length of days in her right hand,  
 Prov. 3. 16: and

& many of her Children go to Bed late yet an immortality here is not in her power to confer upon any : they may hope for it in another World, but they cannot have it in this ; this is a privilege peculiarly belonging to the future State. Now righteous men undergo Death upon a double account.

I. *As the fruit and consequent of sin*, Immortality was the privilege of Innocent ; Death is become the punishment of fallen man. If we search the Sacred Records, we may easily find from what, and whence to derive Death's Pedigree : sin ( ah cursed evil ! ) ushered Death into the World.

That threatening, *In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely dye* ; upon the Apostacy of our first Parents, was turned into a standing sentence ; involving them and their whole Posterity : for *by one man sin*

Gen. 2. 17.

*entred into the World, and death by sin ; and so death passed upon all men, in that all have sinned.* Death is not owing to an irresistible Fate ; to the weakness of our primary constitution ; but to Sin as the deserving cause : it was sin set Death upon its

Rom. 5. 12.

Pale Horse, and nothing now can dismount him ; as the Tree brings forth fruit, as the seed sown brings forth Corn, so *sin when it is finished brings forth death*, Sin open'd

Isa. 1. 17.

the

the Door, and then Mortal Sicknesſes, Deadly Diſtempers, Killing Diſeaſes, and Death it ſelf entered in : Sin draws Death after it as the Needle doth the Thred ; and attends on it as the Shadow doth upon the Body. Could all Graves be open'd, could we ſtand in ſome convenient place, and at one view behold the many thouſands Death hath captivated, and ſlain ; could we ſee all the Carcaſſes that have dropt into, and are now rotting in duſt ; we might ſay, Lo ! all theſe were firſt the ſpoils of ſin ; and then the Trophies and Triumphs of Death. This is the account Scripture gives of Deaths Universal Empire : Sin, curſed Sin, ( oh what Fools are we to be fond of it ! oh what infinite and unaccountable madneſs is it to lay, and hug that hisſing Serpent in our Boſoms, which will ſting us to Death ! ) is the cauſe of all thoſe Funerals, which have been, are, or ſhall be in the World. Now, tho' the Righteous are renew'd, and ſanctified, they are ſo but in part : they have ſin in them, the meritorious, and deſerving Cauſe of Death ; and therefore that Sentence, that carries Death in it ; **DUST thou art, and to DUST THOU SHALT RETURN** muſt be executed even upon them. Tho' they are pardon'd, yet their Pardon runs with

Gen. 3. 19.



with an exception of Death: 'Tis true for Christ's sake, upon the score of that painful, shameful death he in their place, and stead underwent upon the Cross; the SECOND Death, which is Death with an Emphasis, shall have no power over them: but notwithstanding all he hath done, and suffered, because they are sinners the FIRST must, and will. How far death to good men is a penal evil, and yet retains the nature of a punishment; I shall not in this wrangling age, offend any by attempting to determine. It may suffice that sin brought death into the World, and furnished it with those Weapons wherewith it wounds and kills all. If any say since the death of Christ, and the effusion of his blood upon the Cross, Death is rather an advantage to his followers: I grant (and thanks be to God) it is so; but may not death be the Wages of sin, tho' a good, and kind God makes it the path to Heaven? and this leads me

2. To consider the death of the righteous, as a Means of their deliverance from sin; and the appointed way to the glorious Mansions which are above. 'Tis true, God could make us perfectly holy, take away the life, and destroy the very being of sin, the first moment of our conversion: when  
we

the Door, and then Mortal Sicknesſes, Deadly Diſtempers, Killing Diſeaſes, and Death it ſelf entered in: Sin draws Death after it as the Needle doth the Thred; and attends on it as the Shadow doth upon the Body. Could all Graves be open'd, could we ſtand in ſome convenient place, and at one view behold the many thouſands Death hath captivated, and ſlain; could we ſee all the Carcaſſes that have dropt into, and are now rotting in duſt; we might ſay, Lo! all theſe were firſt the ſpoils of ſin; and then the Trophies and Triumphs of Death. This is the account Scripture gives of Deaths Univerſal Empire: Sin, curſed Sin, (oh what Fools are we to be fond of it! oh what infinite and unaccountable madneſs is it to lay, and hug that hisſing Serpent in our Boſoms, which will ſting us to Death!) is the cauſe of all thoſe Funerals, which have been, are, or ſhall be in the World. Now, tho' the Righteous are renew'd, and ſanctified, they are ſo but in part: they have ſin in them, the meritorious, and deſerving Cauſe of Death; and therefore that Sentence, that carries Death in it; **DUST thou art, and to DUST THOU SHALT RETURN** muſt be executed even upon them. Tho' they are pardon'd, yet their Pardon runs with

Gen. 3. 19.

with an exception of Death: 'Tis true for Christ's sake, upon the score of that painful, shameful death he in their place, and stead underwent upon the Cross; the SECOND Death, which is Death with an Emphasis, shall have no power over them: but notwithstanding all he hath done, and suffered, because they are sinners the FIRST must, and will. How far death to good men is a penal evil, and yet retains the nature of a punishment; I shall not in this wrangling age, offend any by attempting to determine. It may suffice that sin brought death into the World, and furnished it with those Weapons wherewith it wounds and kills all. If any say since the death of Christ, and the effusion of his blood upon the Cross, Death is rather an advantage to his followers: I grant (and thanks be to God) it is so: but may not death be the Wages of sin, tho' a good, and kind God makes it the path to Heaven? and this leads me

2. To consider the death of the righteous, as a Means of their deliverance from sin; and the appointed way to the glorious Mansions which are above. 'Tis true, God could make us perfectly holy, take away the life, and destroy the very being of sin, the first moment of our conversion: when we

we have done his will, served the purposes of his Grace, and attain'd the end of our being born; by an happy, pleasant, and easie translation he could take us up, Body and Soul to Heaven: but he hath otherwise determin'd, and made Death necessary in order to both. According to the Divine Constitution they must first dye, and then be perfectly holy, and finally happy.

Do you ask why the righteous die? why! that sin might be destroyed, as Sin brought Death into the World; so Death shall (excellent contrivance of Infinite Wisdom!) for ever abolish Sin: tho' death had its sting, strength, power, nay its very being from sin; yet it proves by the ordination of God the destruction of it. Those Arrows of Death which kill the Christian, strike thro' the very Heart of his Sins, and Lusts, and they both die together. A Saint puts off the Garments of Mortality, and his filthy Raiment at once: the sin that was born with them, and lived with them, and accompany them from place to place; in their last moments takes leave of them for ever. The Christian dies, that Sin may do so too. To this more will be said hereafter.

Moreover the Righteous here, are  
Strangers

Strangers and Pilgrims, this is their Character and it is expressive of their Frame and Temper : While they live they are in a strange place ; among a strange People ; and at a distance from their own : Oh ! How do they wish, long, pant, desire, and groan to be elsewhere ! They are born from Heaven, belong to it, and wish to be there : They are Citizens of the new Jerusalem ; in it are Mansions designed, purchas'd, prepared, and standing empty for them ; but they must dip there feet in the cold fatal stream, that runs between this World, and that, before they can get thither. Faith may, and very often does give them a refreshing, ravishing, and transporting prospect of Heaven ; Oh ! How oft after such a view, does the Soul flutter in the Christians breast ; clap its wings, and would in be gone ! But Death only can waft us over to, and give us the possession of it. In short, Gods Children die ; that they may go home.

I might further add, there seems some necessity of dying upon the account of the Body : What should *this* terrene, dull, and heavy Body do in Heaven ? How unsuitable is it, as it is now, to that Place, and State ; to that Company and Work ;

and

- and to be the Instrument of a glorified Soul ! It must undergo a change that it may be capacitated for this. We must be
- 1 Cor. 5. 4. *Unclothed of this Earthly ; that we may Be clothed upon, with a Spiritual Body : And we must die ; that Mortality may be swallowed up of Life.* These Old Houses that are ever and anon tottering, and shaking, must be pulled down by the hands of Death ; that we may have new and better. *This Body* must be sown in the dust ; that it may Spring up more Beautiful, Fresh, and Comely, our Bodies, like foul Waters, by running through the Earth, are Purged, and Purified. God
- Mat. 9. 17. will not put his *New Wine into these Old Bottles* : And indeed if he should they would quickly burst ; and therefore he suffers Death to break ; that he might have an opportunity to new make them. It is to no purpose to say, that God can make what alteration and change he pleases, and is necessary, in the very instant of Translation ; and what need is there the Body should Die, lie in the Grave so long, Rot, and Putrifie in the Dust ? For though God can do it in this way ; he willeth to do it in the other ;
- Rom. 9. 20. and *Who art thou O MAN, that thou repliest against God ?* Upon these accounts,  
Death

Death seemeth necessary to Good Men :  
 And that we might not live in continual  
 Fear, in Slavish Bondage, and a perpetual  
 Torment because of this necessity :  
 I now proceed ;

Thirdly ; *To consider what, and how great the Priviledge of the Righteous is, when he comes to the last Scene of his Life ; and Death is about to turn him off the Stage.*  
 We have seen the dark side of the Cloud ;  
*The Righteous die :* Let us now turn our  
 Eye, and view the bright side ; *The Righteous hath hope in his death :* Sweet  
 words ! comfortable thought ! glorious  
 priviledge ! with this hope, Lord, how comfortably may they walk thro' the Valley,  
*of the shadow of death, and fear no evil !* Psa. 23. 4.  
 You have heard ; heard ! You have seen ;  
 seen ! Oh how often have you seen that  
 the Righteous die as well as the Wicked !  
 that Death preys upon, and the Grave  
 swallows up one as well as the other !  
 Have you not many, and many a time  
 visited them, when sickness had lodged  
 them in their Chambers, and confin'd  
 them to their Beds ? Have you not heard  
 their last sobs, and groans, seen their dy-  
 ing pangs, and agonies ? Have you not  
 clos'd their Eyes, laid them in their Coffins ;

fin; and often attended their Funeral; followed them to their long Home, and left them in dust and darkness? Behold the Righteous die; but how dieth the Righteous? as the Wicked? no verily, as they do not live, so neither do they die as the Wicked. A righteous man may have the same disease; be exercised with the same pains; and feel the same pangs in a dying hour: But upon a spiritual account the difference is vastly wide, and great; he *hath hope in his death*. Before I distinctly consider, what is the Object of this Hope; to prevent any mistake, it is necessary to premise these two things:

1. *Every righteous person, every man that falls within the already-mentioned Character; i. e. every sincere and upright Christian; hath ground of hope in his death.* This does not only belong to some special favourites; but is common to all who have God for their Father: The Promises, which are the foundation of a Christian Hope; are not made only to Apostles, and eminent Saints, to men of renown in the Church; but they belong to, nay, are the Birth-right of even those, who are but Babes in Christ. All that are  
born



born again, tho' all are not of the same growth, stature, and strength, are *Children*; Rom 8. 17. and therefore *Heirs*: They have right to, and may live, and die in hope of the *Inheritance of the Saints in light*. Heaven is sure to them, by the Promise of the Father; the Purchase of the Son; and the In-dwelling of the Holy Spirit; who is the Earnest, and Pledge of it: And the weakest Believer, the least of Saints, hath ground to hope. The Gospel is so ordered; the Covenant is so methodiz'd; God hath made such ample Provision; that every one may have *good hope thro' Grace*; and all that bear this Character are allowed, encouraged, nay commanded to hope: Their hoping is as mighty a pleasure to God; as it is a comfort to themselves. Hath the blessed Jesus poured out prayers, and tears, and blood; did he groan, and die on the Cross, that they might have a Mansion above? Hath the Holy Spirit in pursuance of the same blessed design; been at the pains to renew, convert, and change them? Hath he restor'd them to the image, and likeness of God; that they might be capable of the enjoyment of him? Is he daily forming and tempering their spirits more, and more

1 Thes. 2. 16

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for

for the heavenly state, and employment? Hath God the Father, in his Eternal Counsels design'd Heaven for them? Hath he made them many express, and plain Promises of it; and can he take it ill they live and die in hope? Lord! how infinitely unreasonable are we; and how do we disparage the Death of the Son; the work of the Spirit, and the Promises of the Father; nay, not only naked Promises, but Promises repeated over, and over, seal'd, and confirm'd with an Oath, by encouraging our doubts and fears! all these may, and ought to hope.

May I (says many a doubting Christian) hope? I am but weak in Grace, and but a Babe in Christ; I have done but little for God, and Christ; I have but few Talents, and them I have not employed and improved as I should and might; I was the *chiefest of Sinners*, and now am the *least of Saints*; the very meanest among my spiritual Brethren; there are none but love God more, and serve him better, and bring a greater Revenue of Glory to him than I either do, or can, or shall; while others shine as the Sun in the Firmament of the Church;  
I am

I am but as a poor small and twinkling Star; and may I hope to be saved? is not Heaven, and the happiness thereof too great, too glorious a Reward for me? Oh! had I the Grace, the Faith, and Love, the Humility, and Meekness, the Self-denial, and Patience, the Zeal, and Courage. &c. of such a Christian; had I been as useful in the World, and as serviceable in the Church as others; then I could hope: But *poor doubting Christiana*, why mayst thou not hope for all this? Must all the Trees in God's Vineyard be equally fruitful? Must all his Children be of the same size? Must all that have true Grace have the same measure, and degree of it? thou canst not think so, and why then may not such a one as thou art, hope? hast thou sincerity, and uprightness? then thou mayest; for the Promise, that is the formal reason of hope, is made to Grace as true, not as strong. All who are *born of God*; are *begotten again to a lively hope*; by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead: Tho' I must add;

2. *As to actual hope all that fall within this Character; have it not either living, or dying in the same degree.* The hope of some Christians is so firmly settled, so deeply rooted, it hath been so oft try'd, and

Mat. 7. 25

prov'd, and found of the right stamp; that come what will, they will hold fast their confidence to the end : It is well-grounded, and like an house founded on a Rock : it stands fast; *tho' the Winds blow, the Floods come, and the Rain descend* : Satan, as cunning, and subtil a Sophister as he is, cannot argue them out of their hope of Heaven. But on the contrary, the hope of another Christian is so weak, wavering, and staggering, that the least breath of a Temptation miserably shakes it : and a few secret whispers of the malicious one make them call all into question. Oh ! how soon doth the poisonous breath, of this hissing Serpent damp, and kill all their hopes !

Luk. 10. 20.

Oh ! how many sincere Christians have a right to Heaven, but do not know it ! how many are there, who cannot get their doubts resolv'd, their fears expell'd, whose Sun sets in a Cloud, and whose Evening is very dark ! *their names are written in Heaven*, but they do not, cannot rejoyce, because they do not know it is so—Death lands them safe on the Shore of a Blessed Eternity ; thro' God's Infinite Mercy they get well into Harbour ; (but (poor Souls ! ) how do they go off with weeping eyes, sad thoughts, and great fears of shipwrack, and drowning !

ing! It is not every Christian that in a dying hour can say; God is my Father, Christ my Saviour, Heaven my home, and in *yonder, yonder* blessed World, there is a Mansion for *me*. How many after a long profession, many tears, prayers, and holy duties; both publick, and private; thro' the weakness of their knowledge, unacquaintedness with themselves, the temptations of Satan, a melancholy temper, and an unaccountable timorousness of spirit; are not able to read their Evidences?

Others die with a full assurance of hope; go to their Fathers house with joy, and triumph; and are able to give a reason of that hope that is in them, both to themselves, and others. How confidently doth the blessed Apostle Paul assert this hope! *We know if our earthly house of this Tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.* How expressive of a strong, unshaken, and lively hope are those words of the same Apostle; even when death was within sight! *I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight; I have finished my*

1 Pet. 3. 15.  
2 Cor. 5. 1.  
2 Tim. 4. 6.  
v. 7.

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2 Tim. 4.8. *I have kept the Faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.* What an unshaken confidence was this! is such an hope peculiar to an Apostle? are such expressions only fit for the mouth of a *Paul*; who had the privilege to be caught up into Paradise? No verily, others have had the same lively hope. Oh what strong assurance; what clear evidences; what blessed foretastes, and what lively hopes, is God pleased to give to some in a dying hour; when their Souls stand upon the threshold of time, and at the door of Eternity! insomuch that they have been able to bid farewell to their dearest Relations, submit to the stroke, and kiss the cold hand of Death with a wonderful, and triumphant Joy; with a Joy too great for themselves to express, and others to behold. This hath made many a Christian say; My work is done, and blessed be God I have hope of the Reward: The hour of my departure is at hand, *Oh my Friends!* I must leave you, and go unto my Father; Death is welcome, indeed it is welcome, for I have hope of an Immortal, and better Life. Must I now die! thanks be to God

I can; how long! Lord, how long! come Lord Jesus, come quickly. I have hope of Heaven, and Lord! I long, I long to be there. What sweet! what reviving Language is this! how pleasant is the meditation of it! is it not enough almost to put a man upon courting Death, that he might experience what it is to be in such a blessed frame? Lord! grant when ever I, or my Reader come to die, it might be thus with us. This is my prayer for thee, whoever thou art who readest these Lines, the like prayer put up for me, with a warm heart, a fervent Soul, and a lively Spirit; and God for Jesus sake say Amen to both. This caution premised, I shall now consider what is the Object of this hope; what good men may, and do look for, and expect at Death. This shall be dispatcht in these following particulars.

First, *The Righteous at Death hath hope of a full, and perfect freedom from all those evils, they are liable to, and must consist without in this present state.* In this valley of Tears, and shadow of Death, to how many, and what great evils are we expos'd! *Man* Job 14. 1. *that is born of a Woman is of few days, and full of trouble.* *Man is born* Coh Cap. 5. 7.

what a fine World is this to be fond of!) *to trouble as the sparks flie upwards.* We come into the World with cries, and tears; we dwell in it, in pain, and sorrow. We go out of it with sighs, and groans. How many tears do we shed, how many groans do we utter, how many complaints do we make, upon the account of those evils which befall our selves, or others, for whose welfare we are, and can't but be as much concern'd as for our own! This World is a place of sorrow, and tears, and nothing can wipe away all tears from our Eyes till the hand of Death does. The evils which befall us are so many, and great; so painful, and afflictive; the memory of what is past is so bitter; the weight of what is present is so heavy; the fear of what is future so vexing; that we cannot be at rest till we close our Eyes and die; and Death lays us fast asleep in the bosom of our Mother *Earth*: Here we are encompass'd with evil, every one hath his share of the bitter Cup, though some drink deeper, and larger draughts than others: But the righteous man, when Death comes, hath hope of a perfect freedom from those many evils he himself had been  
been



been struggling ; and those who survive his Death, and Funeral, must conflict with. He hopes that Death will be the Funeral of all his sorrows, and of those evils which were the cause of them. Here I will mention some of these evils.

First, *He hopes at Death to be delivered from all bodily afflictions, and outward sufferings.* So long as we are here we shall need the corrections of Heavens, and must be under the Discipline of our Father's Rod: Our good God sees that some afflictions are necessary for us ; and in the best and fittest season he sends them : And by our own sin, and wickedness, indiscretion and folly, obstinacy and peevishness, we create many more to our selves. What crosses, and disappointments ; what hatred from Enemies, and unkindness from Friends ; what disdain, and contempt from Superiours ; what slander and reproach from Inferiours, do we meet withall in this wretched World ?

To how many weakneses, and lingering sicknesses ; to what acute diseases, and corroding pains, are we subject, in-  
much

Deut. 28 67.

much that Life is often loath'd, and Death desired! every vein, and membrane; every nerve, and fibre; every muscle, and artery; every part, and member may be afflicted with pain, and be the instrument of our sorrow. Oh! what wearisome hours, restless days, and sleepless nights have the afflicted! Whose heart doth not bleed within him, to hear them in the morning crying out, *Would God it were evening*; and in the evening, disappointed of the rest they expected; *would God it were morning*? What is this World, but an Hospital, where many are sick, weak, pain'd, and dying? What is it but a *Golgotha*, a place of Graves, dead mens Skulls, and Bones? Go to the darken'd and silent Chambers of the sick, and you may hear one crying out, *O my head! my head!* another, *Oh my bowels! my bowels!* and some, *Oh that God would take away my life!* Some you may see shivering with Agues; and some shaking with Palfies; some benumm'd with Lethargies, and others rackt with Gout, or tortured with the Stone; some scorcht with burning Fevers, and others delug'd with the waters of a Dropsie; some stopt with Phlegm, crying out, *Oh for air, and breath!* and others pining away

away with Consumptions ; and many so weakened, and bowed down to the Earth with the manifold infirmities of OLD AGE ; that the Eye is dim, the Ear deaf, the Hands shake, the Legs, the Pillars of this Earthly Tabernacle tremble ; insomuch that a poor Grasshopper is too heavy a burden for them : See how they are stopt up with Catarrhs, and Coughs, and have not strength to get rid of that Phlegm which is ready to strangle them. *These, these* are the sights (oh what a diseased World ! what a dying Life is this !) you may see in the Chambers of the sick. But besides these evils that are common to men, to how many more, and greater are we expos'd as Christians ! as poverty, and want, disgrace, reproach, and shame, imprisonment, and banishment, a violent, torturing, and lingering death, upon the account of which, a man feels, and undergoes the pains of *many* deaths in *one* ; and only lives to be the laughter of his Enemies, the sport of Death, and a terrour  $\phi$  his Friends.

But the Righteous man at death, hath hope to be delivered from all evil of this kind : And his Language on his Death-bed may be to this purpose ; tho'

I was born to trouble, and have had my share of it; tho' I have long wept, sigh'd, and groan'd under my own personal afflictions; and have been a sorrowful spectator of those calamities which have befallen the publick; tho' now I am a sick, weak, pain'd, and languishing man, and every part of me is rackt, and tortur'd; tho' my pulse be weak, my breath short, my strength wasted, and my spirits fail, and I am no more able to conflict with my disease; it is but dying and I shall be perfectly well: Death can, and will cure what my Physician cannot; after a few more struglings, and mortal pangs, all my pains and sorrows will be over; after the Agony (O my weeping Friends!) that you will shortly see me in, is over, I shall feel none of these racking, grinding, and torturing pains any more for ever: Heaven is a healthful place, *there*, oh! *there* none are sick, or weak, but all are perfectly well; I cannot be well while I live; but when I die, I hope, I know, I shall. Lo this is one branch of a Righteous man's hope: But have not wicked men this hope too? 'Tis true, they have; Death puts an end to the miseries of this Life; but Lord! what a sorry support is it to go from less,

to greater; from temporal to eternal pains; from Friends, who are ready to Pity, Assist, and Comfort; to Devils that will Scorn, Insult, and Triumph over them; from a sick and uneasie Bed, to a lodging among infernal fiends: from the Flames of a Fever, to the more Scorching, Burning, and Lasting Flames of Hell! Good God! What a sad, what a wretched Exchange is this!

2. *He hopes for Deliverance from Sin.* Good men are already freed from the power and guilt of Sin; it hath not Dominion over, and it shall not Condemn them: But they are not, neither can they be freed, in this Mortal State, from the residence of Sin, and remainders of Corruption. Sin may be mortified, subdued and brought under: Glorious conquest! but it will not give up the ghost and die till we do: tho' sin doth not rule, and govern the believer as a Lord; yet oh how doth it vex, torment him as a Tyrant! Tho' he hath given the Body of Sin many a Wound, and Stab, with the Sword of the Spirit; though he hath drag'd it to the Cross of Christ, and hath driven nail, after nail into it; yet he always finds it alive, and sometimes very active and strong: He finds himself very oft baffled, worsted,

Eph. 6. 17.

worsted, and conquered in some particular conflicts; he finds by sad and woful experience that indwelling sin indisposes, and unfits him for Spiritual duties; damps his Spirit, cools his Zeal, and abates the fervour of his Soul in the most Heavenly exercises; this is a certain truth, and what Christian does not find it to be so? How oft with tears in his eyes and sorrow in his heart is he forc't to groan forth this sad complaint; Wo is me! I have a wicked Heart, a filthy Nature, unruly Thoughts, and ungoverned Passions; my Flesh is so weak, the Spirit so frail, Indwelling Corruption so strong, and the Snares of the World so many that I often fall: I thank God I don't wallow like a Swine in the Mire; but I must, and do own I too frequently defile my garments; I Sin, and Repent, Repent and Sin, there is sin in my Heart, and Life; Sin in my Duties, in my Praying, Hearing, ay in my Sacramental Communions; and Sin is mixt (Oh that I had Tears to bewail it!) with all my graces; I do not Love God, and Christ so much as I ought, and do desire; my Faith is weak, my Love declined, my Zeal abated, my Heart cool, my Affections chill'd; *Oh wretched man that I am!*

*am! Who shall deliver me from the Body of this Death?* These have been, are, and will be the complaints of Holy men in this present State: But the righteous man hopes the time will come, and when sickness hath laid him upon a Death-Bed he knows the time is near at hand, when he and sin shall for ever part; and in that hour such a one may say; now I am dying, I am going to a sinless State; all my Prayers, and Tears, Watching, and Fasting, Wrestling, and Striving could not root sin out; but Death will now come in to my assistance, give me a final and perfect Victory, and carry me a conquerour out of the Field: When I die this War will end in Victory; this conflict in a perfect Conquest. None of my sins shall follow me to Heaven, I shall not have so much as a wandering, dull, or cold thought for ever; but with Life and Vigour, Heat and Rapture, a Flaming Zeal, and Fiered Affection sing Hallelujah to God, and to the Lamb. A good man is so disturbed with the Life of his Lust, that were it not for breaking of one commandment, that he might be for ever beyond all possibility of breaking any of the rest, he would even with his own hands, pull down this Earthly House on the  
the

the Head of these uncircumcised Philistines; though he himself be crusht with the fall: But he patiently expects the time when God will give Death a commission to do it; and this is his hope in his last, and sorrowful moments.

3. *The righteous man at Death hath hope of a full, and final deliverance from Satan, and all his temptations.* The Devil is stiled *The God of this World: The Prince of the Powers of the Air*; which words imply, he hath no power in the Blissful Regions beyond. Is not this World the Devils Circuit, and does not this *Roaring Lion* walk up, and down, seeking whom he may devour? Are not the best buffeted and solicited to sin; tempted, molested and disquieted by him? Oh how oft does he shake us in his Teeth; though a good God, and a merciful Jesus will not suffer him to rend and tear us in pieces! tho' Satan hath been baffled, and conquered by the Captain of our Salvation; yet does he not ever and anon enter the List, and give a Challenge to the Followers of the Lamb? Have we not a War to manage with these infernal Spirits, and powers of darkness; and must we not always stand upon our Guard, maintain our Spiritual



ritual Watch, keep on our Armour, have our Weapons always in readiness, that if we get the better to day, we may be prepared for a fresh, and more violent assault to morrow? Does not Satan one while transform himself into an Angel of Light, that he might deceive? At another time appear in his own proper hue as Black as Hell; I mean in some horrid, and blasphemous suggestions that he might affright, and scare us? Has he not his cunning Artifices, and subtle *Methods* to beguile; and his *Fiery Darts*, and *Flaming Arrows* to Wound; and in whatsoever shape he appears, whatsoever course he takes, is he not a very troublesome and dangerous enemy?

2 Cor. 2. 11.

Eph. 6. 16.

This is our condition at present, and Oh how uneasy, and tedious is it to a Child of God to be assaulted with Legions of sins within; and an whole Army of Devils without! If the temptation doth not prevail, it is a torment to be tempted; and there cannot but be some fear lest it should: In what Agony does the Christian cry? Oh what if this temptation should prevail; or if I have Grace to resist, and overcome this, what if the next Temptation should be

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more

Mat. 6. 13

more fierce; the second assault more violent; what if at last I should yield, consent, and be overcome? How do such Storms drive them to their Knees, and make them with earnestness, and affection pray *Lord lead us not into Temptation!* This World in which we live is haunted with these unclean, and ugly Spirits; and don't the best of us at one time or other find it so? But the dying Believer hopes for Deliverance: if we can keep our integrity, maintain our Post, stand our Ground, defend our selves while we Live; we shall be Conquerors (take heart Christians) we shall be more than Conquerors when we dye? 'Tis true the assaults of Satan may be most violent in a Dying hour: The last Onset most furious, and the concluding Battel most bloody; but Death will decide the controvertie, end the Combat, and give us the Victory.

Methinks I hear the dying Christian thus encouraging himself, ever since the strong man hath been turned out, by the Holy Spirit and Victorious Grace of my Redeemer, I have had little, or no peace; this Enemy, this adversary of my God, my Redeemer, and my Soul, has been ever

ever and anon beating up my quarters ; many and many a time in the name, and strength of the Living God ; under the conduct of my blessed, and victorious Jesus have I accepted the challenge, and given battel to these Legions of Darkness ; and tho' I have been foil'd, ( blessed be God ) I am not conquer'd : tho' I have received some wounds, thanks be to God none of them are Mortal ; *I yet live*, or rather *Christ liveth* in me ; and now methinks I have ( and oh how delightful is it ! ) the prospect of a final, and entire victory : Satan hath now almost done his worst, he may rage because now his time is short, and he knows it to be so ; but hold out O my Soul ! stand thy ground, resist a little longer, play the man, act thy part well in this last Combat ; and *the God of Peace shall tread Satan under thy Feet shortly*. In Heaven, ( and oh how near am I to that blessed place ! ) there is no Tempter, no Temptation, no, no, when I am lodg'd in *Abraham's Bosom*, or rather in the Arms of my blessed Jesus, I am out of Satan's reach for ever ; when I shall be Dead the Devils Game will be over ; this Evil One has followed me from my Closet to the Church, from my Table to my Bed, he has ever

Gal. 2. 20.

Ro. 16. 20.

stood at my Right Hand to resist me; but he shall not dogg my Soul to Heaven: no, no, the purity, and holiness of that place cannot admit the Presence, of any of these impure, filthy, and unclean Spirits.

4. *Dying Christians hope to be delivered from all Spiritual desertions; and those doubts, and fears which are consequent thereupon.* How oft by too, too wilful falls, and sins; by allowing our selves in sloth, and negligence; by our omissions of duty, or trifling in it, by too great a conformity to the World, and too easie a compliance with the men, fashions, and customs of it; by listening to Temptations, and running upon the occasions of sin; by the immoderate use of things lawful, or venturing upon what is unlawful really in its self, or at least so to us because doubtful; how oft by going contrary to the light of our Minds, the checks of Conscience, the Motions of the Holy Spirit, the Directions of the Word, and the rebukes of Providence, do we, even the best of us displease God, grieve his Spirit, break our peace, disquiet our Minds, and wound our own Consciences; and how soon doth God by frowns, and rebukes, by withdrawing

ing himself, hiding his face, denying a sense of his love, and suspending in part or in whole the witnessing, and comforting presence of his Spirit tell us he is displeas'd; and make us sensibly know, find, and feel he is so! are we not hereupon on a sudden, left in darkness to be scared with our own melancholy, guilty thoughts, and the blacker suggestions of Satan, *the accuser of the Brethren?* Are we not bowed down greatly, and our Souls not only disquieted but cast down within us? Is not the day gloomy, the cloud thick, the night very dark; and does not the poor deserted Soul with warm affection, and passionate longing cry out, Oh! that I could see him! Don't we at such a time mourn, and complain, and cry out of the sadness of our Case, to God, and Man? Are we not forc't in the bitterness of our Souls, and anguish of our Spirits to say, Oh! that it were with me as in months past; when the Light of Gods Countenance was bright, and shining, and I convers'd with the Majesty of Heaven as a Man with his friend! but it is not (wo is me!) It is not so now; oh that it were! Lord when shall it be!

Rev. 12 12.

How oft do the Children of Light walk in darkness; question their Adoption, and Sonship; their Covenant-Interest in, and Relation unto God! How oft is there a Curtain drawn between Them and Heaven, the Face of God Vail'd and the Light of his Countenance Eclips'd! How oft does he withdraw and they cannot find; wrap himself up in Clouds, and Darkness, and they cannot see him! with what a pained heart, grieved Soul, with what an accent of sorrow does such an one cry out, *My God,*

*Psalm 12. 1.*

*my God, why hast thou forsaken me!* I was wonted to have Communion with God in Prayer; to see him at a Sacrament, I have had that enjoyment of God, which I would not have been without for all the World; Time was the Sabbath was my best day, I long'd for the dawning of it, and with joy welcom'd the Morning Light: Gospel Ordinances where my delight,

*Psalm 84. 1.*  
*Ver. 2.*

*my Heart has often said, how amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts! My Soul longeth yea even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord, my Heart and my Flesh crieth out for the Living God: but now (O my Soul! what a change is this?) I pray, but he giveth me no answer; I go to his Table, with this Wish; Let him kiss me with the*

*Cant. 1. 2.*

*kisses*

*kisses of his Mouth!* but even there month after month I do not see the King's Face: if he be my God, my Father, and Friend why is it thus with me? from how many may we hear such bitter complaints as these!

But the Righteous at Death hath hope of deliverance from these inward, spiritual, and therefore most afflictive evils; and such an one in the Evening of Life may say; after a little while and I shall no more offend, grieve, or displease my heavenly Father: and he will always look upon me with a smiling Face, a favourable Eye, and a pleased Countenance. I shall not see him as I now do *in a Glass darkly*; but *Face to Face*: I shall dwell in his Presence, stand before his Throne, and enjoy his Favour which is better than Life: I shall love God, and feel that I love him; God shall love me and make me know it, and tho' I have often questioned both, yet then I shall doubt of neither. I have had many cloudy days, disconsolate hours, and dark nights, many sad thoughts, perplexing doubts, and tormenting fears as to my spiritual and eternal state; O ETERNITY, ETERNITY! how have the thoughts of it amazed,

1 Co. 13. 12.

troubled me, and sometimes made me even tremble ! but in this sickness I am better satisfied than ever, now my fears are gone, my doubts in great part resolv'd, Now *Evening is come, and it is neither day*  
*Zech. 14. 7.* *nor night,* the light of Gods Countenance shines upon me ; ( *Bless the Lord, O my*  
*Psal. 103. 1.* *Soul: and all that is within me, bless his Holy Name,* ) this is but the pledge of those more full, and lasting Beams which shall scatter all my Clouds : what I now feel is but a little, a very little to what I shall. Are the shadows of the Evening stretched out upon me ? Is night coming ? It is day, the light of Gods Countenance makes it day ; and blessed be God this is but the dawning of that everlasting day which now is near hand ; and which will perfectly and for ever scatter all my fears. Thus the Righteous hath hope in his death of an absolute freedom, and final deliverance from these great, and almost insupportable evils we wretched mortals ; we who yet dwell in flesh are exposed to ; he can, and he does hope that after a few hours he shall be afflicted, pestered with sin, buffeted by Satan, deserted by God no more for ever : tho' he cannot see his Lusts actually giving up the Ghost, and dying ; yet he hopes he and his sins shall



shall dye together : tho' Satan may Dog him to the utmost borders of time ; yet he hopes he shall not follow him into Eternity : that tho' some scruples may remain, and his afflictions, and pains will not be over 'till death hath done its work ; yet he hopes death will put an end to all.

Secondly, *The Righteous hath hope in his Death ; ( what hath he then hope of ! ) of a Convoy of blessed and holy Angels, to secure his passage to the other World.* Man consists of a Body and Soul ; when he dies a separation is made : the body is left, the Soul is gone ; friends take care of the Body that it may have, a decent Burial : and truly some respect and honour is due to the Corps ; to the very dust of them who sleep in Jesus, and even after death remain united to him : as to this the dying Christian is not much concern'd, for he knows his Lord will find it at his coming where-ever it be laid : but the Soul being more noble, his great care is for that, and he hopes Angels will be ready to conduct it to the glorious and eternal Mansions above. Holy and confirmed Angels who have as much good nature in them, as they have strength, and power are very serviceable to us *men*, especially to such as  
are

Heb. 1. 14. are *Heirs of Salvation*: we are (under God) very much beholden to those kind, loving, and generous spirits for those innumerable, and unknown offices of kindness, and good turns they have done us. They are our Life-guard from the Cradle to the Grave, a whole body of these invisible Beings encamp round about us. How carefully do they watch over us; how diligently do they observe us; how constantly do they bear us up in their Arms; and by what unaccountable, and to us, unknown methods do they prevent imminent dangers; and save us from the Snares laid for us! how ready are they to encourage, assist, and help us in any Spiritual work; in any great and difficult undertakings! how do they long for our Repentance, rejoice at our Conversion, and what haste do they make to carry the happy tidings of it to Heaven; that others may rejoice with them! with what a mighty concern do they drive and chase away evil Spirits; with what courage do they defend us from the rage, and fury of Infernal Legions; and how willing are they to be our Seconds in this dangerous Warfare! when we have been foil'd, conquer'd, and baffled how seasonably have they interpos'd; what haste have they made

made to esponse our quarrel, and fight out the remainig battle for us. How oft have they kept us from being hurt by those Apostate, and Malignant Spirits which in vast numbers rove about in the Air, and wander up and down in this lower World; upon no other errand than to do mischief, and prey upon immortal Souls! These good Angels are further beneficial to holy men at death; in that they immediately take the Souls of such into their custody, and guard them in their Journey from one World to the other, and never leave them, till they come safe thither.

How unacquainted are we, with the way to *yonder* invisible World! it is a path we have never gone, a road we have never yet travell'd; neither can we discover any footsteps of those who are gone before us: How hard is it for Souls that have been so long embodied in flesh, to find which is the right path, and tract in those vast, wide, and unknown Regions of Air! how impossible is this but by the direction of some experienced Guide; and who can have more, or better experience than these Messengers of Heaven, who have travelled

velled a thousand and a thousand, nay innumerable times, from that World to this, and from this back again to that ! Moreover, what a melancholy and frightful thought is it ! that my separated Soul must pass thro' the lower Regions of the Air, which are the Dominions of Apostate Spirits ; the Devil's Camp, and Satan's Head-quarters ; and this lonely, and solitary, having none either to accompany, or defend it ! But that this might not amaze departing Saints, they shall have as many Angels as are necessary to guard, and defend them. That holy Soul may pass safely thro' the Territories of their Enemies ; that they might not be scared, terrified, or daunted by those swarms of unclean spirits which lie up and down in the Air, a good God hath appointed a Convoy of Angels to attend them : and no doubt a convenient number of them stand round about the Death-bed of every good man, and immediately receive his Soul when it is expired. Some think that the fiery Chariot and Horses in which *Elijah* mounted up to Heaven was a Convoy of Angels ; however for this they have a commission ; and those good, and kind spirits do not disdain to perform this last act  
and

and office of love to the meanest Saint :  
 for *the Beggar died* ; and the sacred Story  
 tells us, *he was carried by Angels into* Lnk. 16.22.  
*Abraham's bosom.* How comfortable is  
 it to study the Commission given to An-  
 gels, in this particular ; and how sup-  
 porting to hope ! nay, to be assur'd they  
 will act according to it ! Lo this is the  
 hope of the Righteous at death : Glori-  
 ous Priviledge !

Thirdly ; *The Righteous have hope of de-  
 liverance from Hell, and the torments of the  
 Damned.* The afflictions of time are no-  
 thing to the miseries of Eternity : The  
 distress, and anguish of a poor creature  
 stretcht on the Wheel, rackt, and tortur'd  
 in every limb, part, and member, is but  
 a weak, and faint resemblance of the hor-  
 rours, and agonies of despairing Souls in  
 Hell. The pains of the first, are no-  
 thing to the pangs of the second and Eter-  
 nal Death : There is a fire kindled that  
 shall never go out ; flames burning  
 which shall never be quencht ; a Worm  
 to gnaw that shall never die ; and Devils  
 to torment, who shall never be weary  
 of that bloody, and hellish work : There  
 imperitent sinners ( oh how terrible  
 and dreadful a place is Hell ! ) must  
 feel

feel the strokes of Revenging Justice; the lashes of their own Enraged Consciences; drink of the Cup of the Wine of the Wrath of God; and be scared with the sight of ten thousand ugly Devils. They must burn, and not be consumed; be tortured, and never die; have pain, and no ease; trouble, and no rest; sorrow, and no joy: tho' they go laughing to Hell, they shall never laugh more; they shall have an eternal night, and no day; be fill'd with despair, and have no hope. Hell! what an amazing word is it? Hell! how extreamly melancholy are the thoughts of it? Hell! whose heart does not tremble at the hearing of it? Hell! what unknown miseries are wrapt up in it? Hell! Hell! how many wretched sinners have voluntarily run into it, to escape the beginnings of it in their own Consciences! but yet all we can imagine, and fantasie in this World, is infinitely short of what this single, this little word, Hell, imports; and must be felt in the next.

But a Righteous man (Lord! what must be the joy of his departing Soul!) hath hope in his death, he shall be delivered from all this. I must die (may he say)

say) but I shall not be damn'd ; I must go to a cold, dark, silent, and solitary Grave : my Glass is run, the number of my years, months, hours, and moments is now finish'd ; I am going to my long home : but I shall not be sent to an hot, burning, and flaming Hell. My flesh, *this* Body of mine must rot in dust ; but my Soul shall not burn in that fiery Oven : the way which leads to those Chambers of horror, and darkness, is broad, exceeding broad ; the Gate that leads to Hell is wide, and standeth open day, and night, and thousands go in thereat ; but I hope I shall take another path. 'Tis true, I, sinful I, have deserved Hell again, and again, and I might have been in it long ago ; but I do hope ( thanks be to God ) I do hope, and will hope my blessed Jesus will snatch me, as a firebrand out of those everlasting burnings ; *Amen, Amen.*

Fourthly ; *The Righteous at death hath hope of being immediately received into Heaven ; and welcomed by all that are there.* The Souls of Believers being separated, do not wander up and down in yonder vast, large, and capacious Regions ; much less are they ( according to the Roman Fable

Fable) to suffer in Purgatory, pains equal in degree to those of Hell; tho' not so lasting; but they immediately go to Heaven. *This day* (says our Saviour, Luk. 23. 43. to the penitent Thief; the Companion of his Cross) *shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* And the reason of *Paul's* earnest, Phil. 1. 23. and vehement desire to depart, was, *that he might be with Christ.* The Gates of Heaven are open'd, they enter in, and they (happy Souls!) are welcomed by God, Christ, Angels, and all their Elder Brethren who died in the Lord, and went to Heaven before them. With what joy does God the Father receive those Souls for whom he designed Heaven from all Eternity? With what joy does the blessed Jesus welcome those Souls to Glory, for whom, and whose Salvation he wept, and sweat, bled and died! Oh what a joy is it to the heart of Jesus, to see them past all the dangers and hazards of a troublesome Voyage; and safely arriv'd at his Fathers house! With what a triumphant joy are they welcomed by Angels, and the whole Assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect! Oh how glad are all those kind, and loving spirits, to see others come to Heaven, who shall be sharers with them

in



in one and the same undivided happiness, and partners with them in singing *Hallelujahs* to God, and to the Lamb! It is no small joy to them that more Voices are added to the heavenly Quire.

I (may the dying Christian say) must leave Earth, the house in which I have lived so long; death is about to open a door for my immortal Spirit to go out at; and methinks I see my God, my Jesus opening the Gate of Heaven: I hope when death has turn'd it out of this frail, and earthly Tabernacle, God and Christ will receive it into Everlasting Habitations: I shall not want a Lodging, for God hath prepared, and Christ hath purchased a glorious Mansion for me. Go out, *O my Soul!* with holy joy, and triumph; hasten, be gone, for lo thy Throne is prepared, and yet stands empty. When I am dead, my surviving Friends will weep for me, with sighs, and groans lament my departure; but God, Christ, Angels, and Saints will welcome my Soul to Heaven. Surely those holy Spirits who rejoiced when I was converted, and born again; will sing a new Song, a peculiar Psalm of Praise to their God, and my God, when I am born into Eternity.

A thought that when I shall knock at the Gate of Heaven, and say, *Lord, Lord, open to me*; I should hear that sad word, *I know thee not*; would even break my heart, trouble me more than the pains, and agonies of a thousand deaths: But I hope for a free admission, a speedy entrance, and a joyful welcome: And oh that I were there!

Fifthly; *They hope to go to better Friends, better Company, and have that Vision of God, and Christ, which cannot be had on this side the Grave.* In this World good and bad, Saints and Sinners, the Righteous and the Wicked live together; and what a grief, and torment is the very presence, and company of these Devils in flesh to those who really intend, and in good earnest design Heaven! Here they enjoy the company of holy Relations, and godly Friends, who are many ways useful and helpful to them; and no doubt they very often, and heartily bless God for the *communion of Saints*: But the best here are imperfect; there is something in the best, that their conversation is not so taking and suitable, so sweet and en-  
dearing, as we could wish. How oft do they prove a scandal, and stumbling-block

to us ; or we an offence and grief to them ! but at death they go to better ; to such as love them more, and wish better to them than their dearest Relations here can do : To *Friends*, who love each other as themselves : To *Friends*, in whose Conversation there is nothing but what is peculiarly delightful, and pleasant, sweet, and amiable, charming, and endearing, most highly grateful, and obliging : To *Friends*, who are utter and perfect strangers to that sour and peevish, morose and selfish temper, which prevails too much in this wretched, and degenerate World of ours : To *Friends*, who partake of, and share in one anothers joys, and are as much pleas'd with the happiness of others, as with their own : To *Friends*, whose tempers will be agreeable, whose looks will be pleasant, whose hearts will be free and open ; whose speeches will be ravishing, and all whose discourses will be seraphick and sublime ; and yet set off with all the graceful Airs of a Charming Rhetorick.

Further, while we dwell in flesh, and sojourn here below we see God but thro' a glass, and that very darkly too : To day we enjoy and are ravisht with some

1 John 3.2

views of him ; and perhaps to morrow, nay, it may be before night the Curtain is drawn, or a cloud interposes and we cannot see him. But after death we ( if we fall under the Character of the Text ) shall see him Face to Face, by a light which is more clear, constant and lasting. Now we delight in, believe on, desire after, and love that blessed Jesus, whom we have not yet seen : But after Death we shall see him as he is ; and will not every view of Jesus be transporting ; will not every glance be the Spring of a new, and fresh joy ! What is the language of Death to a Holy Soul but this ? Come, see, and enjoy that God whom thou hast long waited for, and looked after : Come, and see that Jesus, who out of a deep pity, and compassion, wept, and groaned, bled, and died for thee : Come, take thy place in Heaven, where thou mayest glut, and satisfy thy greedy eye with these ravishing sights ; dost thou long ( Holy Soul ! ) dost thou long for the vision of God, and a sight of Christ ? Come and have it ; though my looks are Grim, my hands cold, Don't draw back for none but I can waft thee over to Heaven, where God, and Christ are to be fully, and for ever enjoy'd.

Is this the language of Death? Then what may be the language of the dying Christian? Harken, don't you hear him saying? The day is dawn'd, the time is come, the hour is now hastning, that I must be gone; my Physicians neglecting any further prescriptions, your passionate weeping, and silent tears, (O my sorrowful Friends?) The sensible decays I find in my self; in those parts which live the longest, and die the last, all tell me my end is near: Here, I have Relations who are Loving, Careful, and Tender; many Friends hath God raised up to me, and made them instrumental for my good, but I can willingly, chearfully, bid farewell to all; for I hope to go to an Assembly of better Friends, and more perfect Lovers: I have had those sights of God in the Sanctuary that have been sweeter to me than all the pleasures of this vain World; but I hope for a fuller view, and a more ravishing sight of that glorious being. Can't I see God and live? Oh let me die, for then I hope, I know I shall! I have heard of Christ; I have talkt of Christ, and (blessed be God) I have met with Christ in Prayer; Sermons, and at a Sacrament. But now I am going to see this dear, and blessed

Jesus : This, this, Oh ! This is my hope ;  
and now O DEATH, DEATH, I chal-  
lenge I dare thee to do thy worst.

Sixthly ; *The Righteous man at Death*  
*hath hope of the Resurrection of the Body,*  
*and of a Body a thousand times more glorious ;*  
*than that which is put off at Death, and laid*  
*in the Dust.* The Resurrection of the  
dead is a main Article of our Christian  
Faith ; and without this *Hope we Christi-*  
ans should be of all most miserable. Christ's  
Resurrection is the Reason, Pattern,  
Proof, and Pledge of ours : As sure as  
he is risen, so sure is it we shall ; the  
Lord will come, the Trumpet sound ;  
*Arise ye dead, shall be spoken with that*  
*Power, Majesty, and Authority that all*  
*shall obey that Summons : the bands of*  
*death shall be loosed, the doors of the*  
*grave opened, the dead raised, and then*  
*shall death be fully conquered, and morta-*  
*lity be swallowed up of Life.* Christ sees  
where every member of his is laid,  
watches over their dust, and will quicken,  
and raise them. Put dost thou say, with  
what body shall they rise ? What body !  
A very glorious body, *the glory of the lat-*  
*ter House, shall be greater than the glory of*  
*the first : That Body which now is like*  
a dull,

1 Co. 15. 19.

2 Cor. 5. 4.

Hag. 2. 9.

a dull, dark clod of Earth shall then shine, sparkle, and glitter, with a brightness like to that of yonder Sun at noonday : That Body that now is weak, shall then be perfectly well, strong, and healthful : That Body that now is *sown in corruption*, *shall then be raised in incorruption* ; live and die no more for ever. The Resurrection is an Article of a Christians Faith ; and that he in particular shall rise to a blessed Immortality is the object of his hope : 'Tis true, to quicken, and raise a dead body, a body that for many Ages has been rotting in the grave ; a body which has been devoured by an Army of Crawling, and Hungry Worms ; a body which has been dissolved into a thousand particles, and infinite Atoms of Dust, requires an Almighty power ; but yet notwithstanding the laughter of an Atheistical Sadducee, and the little objections which now and then may be mustered up, though carnal reason be ready to say, *how can these things be ?* Yet he believes and hopes it shall be so. 1 Co. 15. 42. Joh. 3. 9.

Holy Job, when the morning was but newly dawn'd had the knowledge, and hope of this. *I know (saith he) that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at* Job. 19. 25.

v. 26.

v. 27.

*the latter day on the Earth, and though after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body; yet in my Flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for my self, and mine Eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me. The Righteous sleep securely in a bed of dust, in the bosom of the Earth; they are not terrified with Dreams, nor scared with any frightful Visions of the night; and after a sweet repose, and a long sleep a powerful and Almighty Jesus will awake, and raise them, and give them a Body like to his own most Glorious Body; in exchange for that Weak, Vile, and Contemprible Body Death laid in the grave. This is a fundamental Article of our Faith: And why should it seem to any a thing incredible that God (whose power is unlimited) should raise the Dead?*

Acts 26. 8.

I go (may the dying believer say) the way of all Flesh, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are gone before me; and though I shall return to my House no more, yet my dust shall be quickned revived and raised. The sound of the last Trumpet, the voice of the Arch Angel, and the louder and shriller voice, of my powerful Saviour will awake me out of my dead



dead sleep: I see the shadows of the evening are stretched out, and night is coming; but I believe, and hope the morning will also come; and the day of my redemption quickly dawn. I fall asleep with hope that when day breaks my Lord will give me a call, and bid me rise: Though *this* Flesh of mine must moulder into dust; yet it shall be quickned, and spring up again at the resurrection of the just. My dead Body shall live again; those dry Bones of mine, which may be tumbled up and down, and lookt upon with contempt, and scorn shall again be cloathed with Flesh, and a Spirit of Life shall enter into me. O Death now's thy time, thou wilt conquer and captivate me; *this* Body must be thy Prisoner; but my time will come, *in the morning I, and all that sleep in Jesus, shall have Dominion over thee:* After I have lain a while bound, and fetter'd in a dark, and silent Grave; my Lord, my Victorious Jesus will rescue me and all the Prisoners of hope: *Christ is the Resurrection, and the Life,* and believing in him *I shall live:* methinks with sensible joy, I hope, I know *I shall live, tho' I die.* Lo! (O my Christian friends) this is my hope in a dying

Psal. 49. 14.

Joh. 11. 25.

dying hour; and thanks be to God it is unshaken.

Seventhly, *The Righteous hath hope of a publick Absolution, and a sentence of life at the day of the last, and general judgement.* The Resurrection of the Dead is in order to Judgment; Men must leave their Graves to come to the Bar: Christ shall sit down on the Judgment-Seat, and a Universal Summons being given, all the Children of *Adam* shall be gathered before him; *for we must all appear before the Judgment-Seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his Body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.* This Judgment will be solemn and awful; dreadful and terrible; impartial and righteous; final and decisive; for after a fair trial, that sentence shall be past which will determine our everlasting state. Then shall the Righteous be own'd, and acknowledg'd, be acquitted, and absolved, be sentenc'd, and adjudged to Eternal Life in the face of that vast, and awful assembly of Angels and Men: and when that reviving sentence; *Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,* shall be pronounc'd by Christ, with an audible voice, a smiling countenance, in the hearing of the whole Court;

2 Cor. 5 10.

Mat. 25 23.

Court; Lord what a triumphant, and transporting joy will they be filled with! methinks, I see their chearful looks, their smiling Countenances, and a pleasant Air in every Face: with what a mighty nimbleness, and sprightful vigour does the newly-restored blood dance along their veins! how do the Heavens Eccho with their Acclamation of Joy! methinks. I hear them saying with a loud, and chearful voice, *AMEN, HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH.*

I believe a future, final, and general judgment; but I hope ( may the departing Saint say ) things will go very well with me in that day: I have often pray'd.

*God grant that I may find mercy of the Lord* 2 Tim. 1. 18.

*in that Day*; and I hope I shall, I hope that mercy, and not rigorous justice will pronounce my sentence; that I shall find a friend in Court; that the judge himself will be so: that blessed Jesus who is my Advocate, and elder Brother, who died for me, and washt me in his Blood; who Sanctified me by his Spirit, and reconciled me to God is to be my Judge; and therefore I hope when I am judged I shall not be condemn'd. The sentence of absolution stands upon record, *Mat. 25: 34.*

*Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom*

*dom prepared for you before the Foundation of the World.* This, this, Oh! this is the blessed sentence that belongs to me: I have read it again, and again, I have meditated upon it till I have been ravished and transported with joy. What sweet, what reviving words are these! how worthy is each of them of a particular remark! *Come, glorious invitation! Ye blessed of my Father; endearing title! Inherit the Kingdom;* No less! still more joy. *Prepared for you, for me Lord! for Worms, for Men, for Sinners? Sovereign Grace! Before the Foundation of the World:* what so long ago! so early designed! was my name written upon a Mansion above, long before any of my members were written in thy Book? Grace! Grace! Lord! I admire, and adore that love, that free, and generous, and early love of thine I cannot comprehend, if the reading, and meditating upon these words be so delightful; what will it be to hear them spoken, and spoken to ME? I hope (now I am a dying man) I hope to hear this Sentence from the Mouth of my Saviour; and when these words of Life, and Joy shall drop from those sweet, and blessed Lips, Lord what Joy shall I feel! a joy which now I can neither comprehend nor bear.

Is this the Sentence I expect to hear? O my weeping friends, stop your flowing tears, silence your groans, hush those sobs, and sighs, and let us sing Psalms of praise to God: oh! begin, and help me to praise him, and with my latest breath I will say, *Amen, Hallelujah.*

Eighthly, *The Righteous hath hope in his Death* (what hath he hope of!) what! of the full, entire, and eternal happiness of the whole man; when the final judgment is past and over. Sentence being past, judgment being over, and the Court broken up all pass to their Eternal abodes: some ay, and the greatest part too of that vast assembly; to the Regions of horror, and darkness beneath! others, viz. the Righteous to the Mansions of Bliss, and Light above. Now (oh joyful day!) Christ and all his friends immediately march in triumph to Heaven: those everlasting Gates are open'd, they all enter into those peaceable, quiet, and undisturbed Regions, and so shall they be *for ever with the Lord.* 1Thes. 4. 17  
Before one part was praising God in Heaven, and the other silent in the Grave: the Soul was the Companion of Angels, the Body the Food of Worms: the one as distant from the other as yonder Heaven is

is from the Bowels of *this* Earth: but after the great, and solemn transaction of that day the **WHOLE MAN**; the **WHOLE CHRISTIAN** shall be admitted into the Heavenly State. Christ their head, and husband shall bring them to Heaven with a lo, O my Father, here are the Men thou gavest unto me; here are the Men for whom I suffered, and died: while they were in the World I kept them; and have now ransom'd them from the Power of Death, and the Grave: I have brought them safe to glory; I present them to thee without spot, or wrinkle, and *Father, I will they be where I am; that*  
 Joh. 17.24. *they may behold, and partake of my Glor*

This perfect happiness of the whole man, the Righteous hath hope of: he looks beyond Death to the Resurrection; beyond that to judgment; and beyond judgment to Heaven; and Heaven is the summ of his desires. Heaven! it is the center of all his hopes, and wishes: as such an one in his last hours may say, methinks I foresee the time when my Lord and the judge of all will come; methinks I hear the Trumpet sound, and see the dead raised; from my death-bed I have a prospect of the transactions of the last day.



dying hour; and thanks be to God it is unshaken.

Seventhly, *The Righteous hath hope of a publick Absolution, and a sentence of life at the day of the last, and general judgement.* The Resurrection of the Dead is in order to Judgment; Men must leave their Graves to come to the Bar: Christ shall sit down on the Judgment-Seat, and a Universal Summons being given, all the Children of Adam shall be gathered before him; for we must all appear before the Judgment-Seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his Body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. This Judgment will be solemn and awful; dreadful and terrible; impartial and righteous; final and decisive; for after a fair trial, that sentence shall be past which will determine our everlasting state. Then shall the Righteous be own'd, and acknowledg'd, be acquitted, and absolved, be sentenc'd, and adjudged to Eternal Life in the face of that vast, and awful assembly of Angels and Men: and when that reviving sentence; *Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,* shall be pronounc'd by Christ, with an audible voice, a smiling countenance, in the hearing of the whole Court;

2 Cor. 5 10.

Mat. 25 23.



Court; Lord what a triumphant, and transporting joy will they be filled with! methinks, I see their chearful looks, their smiling Countenances, and a pleasant Air in every Face: with what a mighty nimbleness, and sprightful vigour does the newly-restored blood dance along their veins! how do the Heavens Eccho with their Acclamation of Joy! methinks. I hear them saying with a loud, and chearful voice, *AMEN, HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH.*

I believe a future, final, and general judgment; but I hope ( may the departing Saint say ) things will go very well with me in that day: I have often pray'd. *God grant that I may find mercy of the Lord* 2Tim.1.18. *in that Day*; and I hope I shall, I hope that mercy, and not rigorous justice will pronounce my sentence; that I shall find a friend in Court; that the judge himself will be so: that blessed Jesus who is my Advocate, and elder Brother, who died for me, and washt me in his Blood; who Sanctified me by his Spirit, and reconciled me to God is to be my Judge; and therefore I hope when I am judged I shall not be condemn'd. The sentence of absolution stands upon record, *Mat. 25: 34.* *Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom*

*dom prepared for you before the Foundation of the World.* This, this, Oh! this is the blessed sentence that belongs to me: I have read it again, and again, I have meditated upon it till I have been ravished and transported with joy. What sweet, what reviving words are these! how worthy is each of them of a particular remark! *Come, glorious invitation! Ye blessed of my Father; endearing title! Inherit the Kingdom;* No less! still more joy. *Prepared for you, for me Lord! for Worms, for Men, for Sinners? Sovereign Grace! Before the Foundation of the World:* what so long ago! so early designed! was my name written upon a Mansion above, long before any of my members were written in thy Book? Grace! Grace! Lord! I admire, and adore that love, that free, and generous, and early love of thine I cannot comprehend, if the reading, and meditating upon these words be so delightful; what will it be to hear them spoken, and spoken to ME? I hope (now I am a dying man) I hope to hear this Sentence from the Mouth of my Saviour; and when these words of Life, and Joy shall drop from those sweet, and blessed Lips, Lord what Joy shall I feel! a joy which now I can neither comprehend nor bear.

Is this the Sentence I expect to hear? O my weeping friends, stop your flowing tears, silence your groans, hush those sobs, and sighs, and let us sing Psalms of praise to God: oh! begin, and help me to praise him, and with my latest breath I will say, *Amen, Hallelujah.*

Eighthly, *The Righteous hath hope in his Death* (what hath he hope of!) what! *of the full, entire, and eternal happiness of the whole man; when the final judgment is past and over.* Sentence being past, judgment being over, and the Court broken up all pass to their Eternal abodes: some ay, and the greatest part too of that vast assembly; to the Regions of horror, and darkness beneath! others, *viz.* the Righteous to the Mansions of Bliss, and Light above. Now (oh joyful day!) Christ and all his friends immediately march in triumph to Heaven: those everlasting Gates are open'd, they all enter into those peaceable, quiet, and undisturbed Regions, and so shall they *be for ever with the Lord.* 1 Thes. 4. 17  
Before one part was praising God in Heaven, and the other silent in the Grave: the Soul was the Companion of Angels, the Body the Food of Worms: the one as distant from the other as *yonder Heaven*  
is

is from the Bowels of *this* Earth: but after the great, and solemn transactions of that day the **WHOLE MAN**; the **WHOLE CHRISTIAN** shall be admitted into the Heavenly State. Christ their head, and husband shall bring them to Heaven with a lo, O my Father, here are the Men thou gavest unto me; here are the Men for whom I suffered, and died; while they were in the World I kept them; and have now ransom'd them from the Power of Death, and the Grave: I have brought them safe to glory; I present them to thee without spot, or wrinkle, and *Father, I will they be where I am; that*

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day ; I see, by faith, I see what shall then be done to the men whom the King of Heaven delights to honour : methinks I see the redeemed, and ransom'd of the Lord marching in triumph to the City above, and the glorious, blessed Jesus leading the way : I shall not be left asleep, or stay behind, but accompany them to the everlasting Kingdom ; and *this* Flesh of mine which now must see corruption, *this* body of mine that now must rot in darkness shall then be united to my Soul ; and not only my Soul, but my Body shall have the happiness it is capable of. This is my Faith, and this is my Hope : *Come Lord* Rev. 12.20.  
*Jesus, come quickly* ; and accomplish what thou hast promised, and I, and all thy Followers live, and die in the hope of.

Thus we have finished the Doctrinal part ; and now proceed.

Fourthly, and Lastly ; *To make application of what hath been said upon this argument to our selves.* The most serious and weighty ; the most plain and searching ; the most important and awakening truths have little, or no influence upon our hearts, and lives, for want of a close, warm, home, and particular application. Shall I apply what hath been said ? Would to God

God I might come to the quick ; reach the heart, alarm the Conscience of every one that shall read these lines ! where shall I sharpen my Arrows ; that they may pierce and wound ? what words shall I use that drowsie sinners may be startled ? Lord help me ! Lord help the reader ! Lord help us both ! and that I might not lose my Labour, and you your Souls, I solemnly charge, and in the name of the Eternal God I *Sub-pæna* thee, O CONSCIENCE ; closely and impartially to apply to the Heart, what the man shall read with his Eye.

*Conscience !* Now's thy time to speak, hereafter it may be too late for ever : when once the man is dead and damn'd thou may'st torture and torment him ; but it will be impossible to fright him into Repentance. Is the man drowsie ? *O Conscience, Conscience,* thunder in his Ears : is he asleep ? jog, and awake him : is he unconcern'd as to any preparation for death, judgment, and an Eternal world ? tell him of this misery ; forewarn him of his danger ; call, cry in his Ears till he is startled : what shall be said in general do thou according to thine office, as thou wilt answer the neglect of it to God thy Judge

Judge hereafter; apply in particular: if any thing be said suitable to the case of the man, whose Conscience thou art; be not meal-mouth'd, don't mince the matter; but plainly, and roundly say, **THOU ART THE MAN**, rebuke, reprove, exhort, persuade, comfort, cheer as the state of the Man requires. *O Conscience, Conscience*, I call upon thee again to give them warning from God; be serious, particular, and impartial, *lest they die in their sins; and the blood of their Souls be required at thine hands:* as the man turns over these pages, read thou over those records thou hast in thine own keeping, and witness for, or against; chide, or smile; accuse, or condemn, as thou seest occasion: if he be a wicked man be thou a *Boanerges*; a son of Thunder: if he be a righteous Person; be thou a *Barnabas*, a son of consolation. Could I but awaken Conscience, I should hope these plain lines would be read with some success; Lord! jog Conscience, that Conscience may jog the Man; that this word of thine may be *thy Power unto Salvation.* In hope that Conscience will assist, and second me; and the great God will help both, I shall attempt the application of what has been said; in these following Inferences.

Ezek. 3. 18.

Rom. 1. 16.

G

Infer.

**Inference 1.** *How terrible must Death be to the wicked; who have no ground to hope for any of these great, blessed, and glorious things!* However sports and pastimes; Carnal mirth and worldly Business; charming pleasures and frothy company may keep out, and banish the thoughts of their departure; yet when the fatal hour is coming, when grim Death is mounted on its Pale Horse, and is posting toward them; how suddenly are they struck with horror! how concern'd at the heavy tidings that they must dye! After many pleasant years, behold, the man is seized by some mortal sickness; his decaying strength, and languishing Spirits, his weak Pulse, and short Breath, his cold and faint sweats tell him death is coming, and his end is near, his Physicians after many troublesome prescriptions, and vain attempts leave him: his mourning, and weeping friends are expecting when he will send forth his last breath; are waiting to close his dying Eyes; and yet (miserable man!) he has no hope. Hath he no hope; and yet must he die? doleful consideration!

Hope of Heaven is very common; as



the Drunkard, and Swearer, the most  
 Rebellious and Stubborn, Perverse and  
 Obstinate sinner, what he thinks will be-  
 come of him after Death ; and he will  
 either by a scornful silence shew his dis-  
 dain ; or readily answer he hopes to be  
 saved. How fashionable is this form of  
 speech ; *as I hope to be sav'd!* but alas !  
 most of that hope which is the World's is  
 vain, and groundless ; false, and spurious ;  
 begotten by a flattering Heart, and subtle  
 Devil ; it is like common Metal without  
 the Royal Stamp, which none will take  
 for Currant Coin ; and how oft Does it  
 appear so when Death, and the Grave,  
 Judgment, and Eternity come in view !  
 you have hope ; but in the name of God,  
 Man, tell me what kind of hope is it ?  
 Is it accompany'd with any sweet, plea-  
 sant, and delightful thoughts ; with any  
 hearty groans, earnest longings, passionate  
 desires after possession ? Does it withdraw  
 your Hearts, and affections from Earth  
 to Heaven ; and render you patient under  
 all the sufferings, and afflictions of this  
 present state ? In a word, does it put you  
 on to get more purity and holiness ? A  
 genuine hope will, as appears by the A-  
 postles words *he that hath this hope in him,*  
*will purifie himself even as he is pure.* He  
 that

1 John 3:3.

that hopes to see the infinitely Holy God, won't stain his Garments, and defile his Soul, by wallowing in filth and mire: he that hopes to be like God in Glory, will endeavour to be like him in purity: he that hopes to resemble the best of Beings, God, won't make himself like the worst of Creatures, the Devil, by open, and known, wilful, and presumptuous violations of the Divine Laws. This hope will put him upon endeavouring after a purity like that of God in Nature, and Kind; tho' it cannot be so in Degree, and Measure.

Do you hope for Heaven; and dote upon Earth, hug your Riches, and make the World your God? Do you look for a Kingdom, and Crown, Immortality, and Life, for an happiness beyond all your thoughts, and bigger than your hopes; and do you do nothing, or next to nothing to obtain it? Do you hope for a Mansion in *yonder* Heaven at the end of your Journey; and walk in the broad Road that leads to Hell? Do you hope to be like blessed, and Holy Angels; and do you now sometimes play the Beast, and sometimes act the Devil? Do you hope for the reward; and do none of that

work

work God hath appointed, or do it in a lazy, slothful, and careless manner.

Do you hope to hear, *Well done, good and faithful Servant*: and wrap up your Talents in a Napkin, or bury them in the Earth? Do you hope to be happy, and take no care to be holy? Do you hope Christ will save you; and do you make nothing of running over the tears, wounds, and blood of the blessed Jesus, to get at the forbidden Fruit? Do you hope to sit down with *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, with the *Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles*, in the Kingdom of Heaven; and do you now sit with *Publicans and Sinners*? Is this your hope? poor men! what kind of hope is it; and what little service will it do you?

This hope is slight, and superficial; it is the fruit of ignorance, and want of consideration: perhaps an awakening Sermon of Death, and Judgment, Hell, and God's Eternal wrath; some cross Providence, and smart affliction may miserably shake it. While the Sun shines, and the day of Prosperity lasts, thy hope may seem fresh, and flourishing; but when the Night of Affliction comes thou mayest be wrapped up

## 86     *The Righteous Man's Hope*

in Clouds, and Darknes, and thy hope will languish, wither and die. Dreadful thought!

This hope is vain and groundless; God's Promise is the only Ground, and solid Foundation to build our hope upon: to hope for what God hath never promised: or upon other terms, and conditions than are annex to the promise is ignorant, and blind, and bold, and daring presumption.

This hope is wicked; and foolish. It is wicked; is it not a dis-believing Gods peremptory threatning; an affronting Divine truth; and imputing falsehood to his comminations? Hath the Just, True, Holy, and Eternal God said, thou shalt not be saved and dost thou secretly say, I hope I shall; what is this but at the same time to hope God will be a liar. It is also foolish; is it not folly to hope against Reason, Scripture, and all God has said? Is it not folly to think a poor Worm can snatch Salvation out of the hands of mercy, when God is resolved he shall never have it? To think a sinful wretch can force his way through a thousand threatnings, and the peremptory Sen-

tence

tence of the Law to the Blissful Regions above?

This hope ( what shall I say of it ? ) is perishing ; it will end in confusion, disappointment, and shame, and at last die in horror, and despair. Sickness and Death, O vain man ! will shake thy hopes : The Sentence of thy Judge, and and the Flames of Hell will dash them. Hope may accompany thee while thou livest ; go with thee to the very borders of the Eternal World ; and then at farthest it will bid farewell to thy amazed, and trembling Soul. The time will come ( believe it Sirs ) the time will come, when you shall hope no more, no more, no more for ever. This hope is worse than none, for it hinders Mens repentance ; and all the kindness it does them is first to hood-wink, and then damn them. How fatal is this hope ! A wicked man can have no good hope either living or dying ; and that false hope he maintains, and cherishes in health, when sickness comes many times takes the wings of the morning and flies away. In an hour he must remove out of one World into another ; but he hath no hope it shall be into a better : He be-  
G 4 queaths

queaths his body to the dust; his Estate, and Goods to his surviving friends; but he can not (Lord what an Agony must the departing Soul be in!) with confidence commend his Spirit into the hands of Jesus: He may hope his Friends will give his body a decent burial; but he has no hope, alas! he has no hope Angels will conduct his Soul to glory. Oh Death, Death, how terrible is it when there is no *hope* of a better life

Prov.

14.  
32.

To awaken such let me add; to die without good hope, though it be bad, is not all: For the *wicked* (as it is in the former part of this verse) *is driven away in his wickedness*. Sad words, miserable ends! Ere long (Sinners) Death will grasp thee in its cold Arms; ere long Pale Death will sit in that face of thine that now is Fair, and Ruddy, and the seat of a Charming Beauty; ere long Death will shackle those feet which brought thee to this assembly; shut those eyes which are a window to let in vanity into thy mind; stop those ears which have been delighted with filthy, and unfavoury discourse; ere long, Death will *drive* thee out of the World; thou must be confined to a narrow Coffin; sleep in a Bed of dust,

dust, under a coverlet of crawling Worms ; but this is not all, no, nor the greatest part of thy misery ; for thou shalt be *driven away in thy wickedness* : Go out of the World guilty, and accompanied with the sins of thy whole Life ; Death unties the knot, and thy Soul is gone ; gone ! • Whither is it gone ? Into the invisible World, to the illightned Tribunal of a Just, Impartial, and Inexorable Judge : Death sets open the Door, and thy immortal Spirit immediately flies away ; and all thy sins like so many black, and frightful Devils, hasten, and post after : Thy Sins, O man, thy sins mount, and ascend as fast as thy Spirit, and will be at the Judgment-seat as soon as it. Methinks a thought of this should make thine heart ake, thy lips quiver, rottenness enter into thy bones, and force thee to cry out ; Good God ! Whatever becomes of me let me not die, in my sins. An impenitent sinner goes into Eternity dogg'd by Devils, and his own impure Lusts : When he dies, that hope which with artifice, and cunning he maintain'd in his life-time, forsakes his wretched, and trembling Soul : In one instant, it is gone, and gone for ever : follow him from one World to to'ther ; from his  
sick-bed

sick-bed to the Bar of God. Doleful Hour !

Infer. II. Do, and must the righteous die ? *Then how does it concern us to make a good use of them while they live !* The righteous are the lights of the World ; like the Sun in the Firmament profitable and beneficial to all : Though hereafter these *wise Virgins* cannot supply us with Oyl out of their Vessels, to recruit our Lamps, and maintain the expiring Flame ; yet at present they may like the Sun communicate of their light, and heat to us. How much Spiritual good may we receive by them ; and how careful should all be to make a wise improvement !

Have you an Holy Father a Godly Mother, who pray for, weep over and daily instruct you ? Harken to their instructions, follow their example, take their counsel for they must die. That Holy Father of thine, who with compassion, and tenderness begs of thee to remember God, and thine own Soul ; that Godly Mother of thine, who brought thee forth with pain, and sorrow, and *is in travel*  
Gal. 4. 19. *with thee again, till Christ be formed in thee ;*



*thee*; must die: And if thou dost not hearken to, and improve their serious reproofs, godly counsels, and wholesome advice; what a torment may the thought of it be when they are dead, and gone! Methinks I hear a negligent and careless Son being lately come from the grave of his holy Father, or godly Mother, in bitterness crying out: God in giving me such holy Parents gave me a great mercy; but I (Oh wretched man that I am!) neither valued, nor thankfully improved so great a blessing as should, and might have done: My Father, my Mother that is now dead, very often, and that with tears told me of my sin, and danger; with abundance of kindness, in the Spirit of meekness reprov'd me for my youthful follies, and vanities; with much Plainness, and Holy Zeal, they instructed, and counselled, informed and directed me; they brought me to the Solemn Assembly, and taught me at home; they wept over me, and prayed to God for me, and put me upon secret Prayer, and reading the Holy Scriptures; but all this labour in whole, or at least in great part has been lost as to *me*: Might I not have been much better, might I not have had more grace, and holiness had I improved

proved this blessing? I had the same advantage (may the wicked and disobedient Son say) but I slighted the instructions of my holy Father, and contemned the counsels of my godly Mother; and now they are dead, and gone, how likely am I to die in my sins; having not the same helps and advantages as I had when they were with me? Such reflections (Conscience being awakned by the hand, and rod of God) may be made when such holy Relations are taken away; to prevent which; let all especially the Children of Holy Parents improve the lives and company of such. The like might be said as to Husbands and Wives; Masters and Servants, &c. Labour to get as much good as you can by holy Relations, Christian Friends, and Acquaintance for *these you shall not have always with you.*

*Infer. III. How great is the mercy, and goodness of God to his People though they are not exempted from Death! Death sounds harsh, the Grave is very frightful: When we think the Friends of God, the Members of Christ, the Favourites of Heaven, and the Followers of the Lamb must die; are we not sometime posed, and almost*  
at

at a stand? Are we not puzzled to reconcile the Death of such men with the goodness, and love of God; and those tender bowels he has toward such? Are we not ready to say How, and why is it that such must die? Since their door-posts are sprinkled with the Blood of the Lamb; why may, why does not the destroying Angel pass over them? Since God hath such a love to, delight in, and wilhes so well to them, why must they *Taste Death* before they can drink of those *Rivers of pleasure which are at Gods right hand forevermore*? Why does not such love, and mercy pleasure them with an easie, and instantaneous Translation? These may be the arguings of carnal reason; but to consider with what great, and vast, blessed, and glorious hopes they die may help us to silence every thing of this kind. Why should we entertain any hard thoughts of God, or think him in the least unkind, because we must first die; before we can be happy: When he has given us such sure and certain hopes to carry us through the Pains, and Conflicts, Agonies and Terrors of that hour! When you hear or see that the Righteous must die, do you cry out? How severe, and inflexible is Divine Justice! Then remember they

Heb. 2 9.

Psal. 16. 11.

they die in hope and cry out; How tender is Divine Mercy! How great is the Mercy of God that he sweetens this Cup with some fore-tasts of Heaven!

When sickness shall Summon me to die; when I shall lie weak, and pain'd on my last bed, Lord! Let me have a strong and unshaken; a vigorous and lively hope: Give me in that dark and gloomy hour but a prospect of Heaven; and an assurance it shall be mine: While with one eye I look into the Grave with the other let me look to Heaven, and be able to say, *Yonder* is a Mansion for me. And I will never think much that I must die: O my God, I will not think thy justice is too severe, but adore, and Bless, Love, and Praise thee while I have Strength, and Breathe that I have hope to comfort me in my Passage.

*Infer. IV. How evident is it that serious Religion, and practical holiness is not a vain thing!* To mourn for our sins, and repent of our past wickedness; to watch our Hearts, which have so oft, so easily, and fatally betray'd us; to resist the Temptations of Satan, who waits for an opportunity to destroy us; to abstain from fleshly, and

and sensual pleasures, which have drowned thousands in Perdition, and may ensnare and defile us; to be strict, and accurate in all our ways; to follow the Directions of the Word, the Conduct of the Holy Spirit, and the light of a well-informed Conscience in all we do; to be warm, fervent, and frequent in Prayer, both in our Families and Closets; to be serious, and reverent when ever we have to do with God, and meddle with sacred things; to love our Enemies, and do good to all, and hurt to none; to deny self, take up the Cross, and suffer rather than sin; to be humble, meek, and condescending; to govern our thoughts, make a Covenant with our Eyes; and to set a Watch on the Door of our Lips, and Bridle our Passions; to condemn the World, and the three grand Idols of it; RICHES, HONOURS, and PLEASURES; to be contented with little, and thankful to God for any thing; to obey the commanding, and submit to the Providential Will of God is accounted by some men (and those who think themselves Wits too) ridiculous and vain. *What profit is there in serving the Almighty?* Job. 21. 15. Is the Language of some Men's Tongues and more Mens Hearts: but Lord what mad

mad and foolish talk is this ! is that vain which ends so well, and has such an happy issue at last ?

The whole Life of a sinner is but one continued vanity, but one entire piece of a more solemn folly : your carking and caring for, your pampering a dying Body, while you neglect an Immortal Spirit ; your thoughtfulness for Earth, while you forget Heaven ; your heaping up Riches, while you lay up no treasures for your selves in another World ; your purchasing Lands, and Houses, while you do not seek a Title to a Mansion above ; your sinful Laughter, and carnal Mirth ; your ridiculing Religion, and making a scorn of the Righteous, your beastly pleasures, and brutish delights are all vain, of these we may say, *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.* Should I come to you when you lie sick, cold, and trembling on a Death-bed, and ask, Sir, what fruit have you of your former sinful Life ? would you not shake your head, and with an heavy Heart say ? Fruit ! alas ! no fruit, nothing but shame and sorrow, dreadful fears of an after reckoning, and frightful thoughts of Hell, and Judgment to come.

But

But Righteousness and Powerful Religion is no vain, or unprofitable thing; suspend thy judgment a little while, stay till the Righteous man comes to the end of his Journey; behold him weak and languishing, and yet full of hope and joy. See him looking grim Death in the Face with courage, and going out of the World in triumph; hear him saying with a pleasant voice, Oh that Death would come! I long, I long to dye, and then judge if righteousness be vain. This Doctrine exemplified in the triumphant and joyful Death of a Righteous Man is enough to convince the most sottish, and stupid sinner that serious religion is no vain, and empty thing.

*Infer. V. How industriously, and diligently should all labour after this righteousness!* That Death is certain and unavoidable, near at hand and will quickly come; I suppose you take for granted. You are dying, verily my friends you are dying men, and women: the time is coming, and how quickly will it be here? when you must breath your last, when neither the tears of Relations, the pity of Friends, the skill of Physitians, nor any vertue there is in Medicines can prolong Life or keep  
H off

off Death. Lo this is thy Motto, **DUST** thou art and to the Dust shalt thou return; and should not you labour to be such persons while you live that you may have hope in your Death? To be a stranger upon Earth is your character; to get an hope of an abiding City should be your endeavour: and this cannot be had without Gospel-righteousness. It is not a superficial sorrow, and slight repentance for your past sins; a few good thoughts or wishes, a few cold and lifeless Prayers in the Church, or Closet; it is not an escaping the gross pollutions of the flesh; or doing some acts of Charity, and Justice, Sobriety, and Temperance that will be a sufficient ground of hope in a dying hour: it is nothing short of a through, Universal change of Heart and Life; nothing short of a supernatural principle in the Heart, exerting its self in suitable actions in the life will warrant, and legitimate your hope: and oh how speedily, and diligently should every one labour after it!

If you would have hope in your Death, you must solemnly repent of all your sins: that Heart of thine which is as hard as a Rock must be softened and broken; you must



must renounce the Infernal Trinity the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; your old Hearts, and Natures must be changed; love to God must be your governing principle; the characters of the H. Gospel must be imprest upon your Hearts; and there must be a sincere, constant, and universal obedience to all its commands in your lives: you must have Faith in the Heart which *works by Love*, and there must be obedience in the life, the fruit, evidence, and proof of that Faith: and what argument, and motive can be more cogent to persuade you to endeavour after this compleat righteousness than this in the text? Sirs when you are sick and ready to die, you send for us and then you cry out for comfort; oh Sir (saith many an one on his Death-bed) have you no comfort for a dying man? Can you give me no hope it will be well with me after Death? Oh that I had some hope of Heaven! you that know to whom Heaven belongs tell me, oh! tell me if there be any ground for *me* to hope it will be mine: and will you not labour after that righteousness without which all your hope is vain and will end in eternal desperation? Shall the profits of the World; or the pleasures of sin keep you from being Religious indeed? infinite folly!

Gal. 4. 6.

Were I now upon my Death-bed, panting for Breath, struggling for life, beyond the hope, and possibility of recovery; were I now expecting which hour and moment, which pulse and breath would be my last, oh what would hope of a blessed Immortality be worth! hope of Heaven would stand me in more stead than the riches of ten thousand Worlds. Lord! quicken my resolutions and endeavours, awaken my drowsie Soul, inspire my dead, and slothful Heart with light and life, with warmth and zeal: let me trifle and dally no longer, but mind, and mind it as the main business of my life to get that righteousness which may add spirit, and life to my hopes in a dying hour! I resolve and purpose to do so; Lord! maintain and strengthen these holy purposes, and grant me this hope at my death!

*Infer. VI. How unaccountable and blameworthy is fear of death, especially that which is tormenting, and slavish in those who are truly righteous! 'Tis true in Death upon the slightest view, we may behold something melancholy and startling, frightful and gloomy; something that puts Nature into a fright, and makes it recoil and start*  
back

back at the thoughts of it : but if we consider it more distinctly in its antecedents, languishing sicknesses, acute pains, and terrible pangs ; in its consequent what becomes of the young, strong, and honourable when death hath turn'd the man into a pale, wan and ghastly corps it appears more formidable : but if we farther consider it, as the effect of our primitive Apostacy, and the fruit of the Divine Curse ; as it transmits the Soul to a righteous and impartial Tribunal, and as it is attended with Hell ; it may justly ( whenever we think of it ) surprise us with horror. But how unreasonable is it for good men who have such great, and glorious hopes to be *kept in Bondage all their life-long thro' fears of Death!* and yet how loth are the best of us to admit the thought of dying ! how loth to suppose that the next year, week, or day we may be laid in the Grave ! when sickness shakes, how loth are we death should pull down this Earthly Tabernacle ?

Heb. 2. 15.

But how greatly are we to be blamed for this ; when God has provided such an antidote as hope of Heaven ; What is it we are afraid of ? What is it makes us start, and draw back when Death is

marching towards us, and we hear the found of its feet at our chamber doors? do we fear the pains, and pangs which usually usher in the King of Terrors? Cannot God make our passage speedy, and easie, and have we not hope that when these pains are over we shall feel no more? Are we loth to die, because we must leave our Relations, and Friends, and have we not hope of going to better? Are we afraid to die because after Death our separated, and naked Souls must pass thro' the Devils Dominions and Territories? And have we not hope of a Convoy of mighty, and powerful Angels; who dare fight those unclean Spirits in their own Quarters, to conduct them safe to the blessed abodes above? Are we afraid to die because after Death comes Judgment? And have we not hope the Judge is our friend, and that our trial will have a good, and happy Issue? Finally are we loth to die because *these* Bodies, and *this* Flesh of ours must rot in dust and darkness and our eyes must no more behold this sweet, and pleasant light and have we not hope to wake and rise after a quiet and undisturbed sleep? Oh how abundantly hath our good God provided for our

comfortable passage to Eternity ! Let as many then as have this hope, banish these unreasonable, and slavish fears, which are a pleasure to Satan, a dishonour to God, a reproach to our profession, a disgrace to our hopes, and a torment to our selves.

*Infer. VII. Hence we see the reason of the willing and chearful, joyful and triumphant departure of some believers at the hour of Death.* The Souls of some men are violently rent and torn from them, fain would they live longer, but must not; some die with a quiet and silent submission: and some die with abundance of joy and triumph. As old *Jacob's* heart was revived and cheared when he saw the Waggon which were sent to fetch him to his beloved *Joseph*; so the hearts of some Christians have even leapt for joy, when they have seen Death coming to carry them to their beloved *Jesus*; Death drest up in the most terrible shape has not been able to fright them. With what courage and resolution; boldness and magnanimity; composedness and chearfulness; with what joy and triumph did the Martyrs of old suffer and die ! The angry frowns, the sour looks, the

threatning words of their enemies have not daunted them; the passing sentence of Death upon them, and appointing the time for their execution has neither startled, nor troubled them: No, no, they have rejoiced in their Dungeons, and gone to the Flames with Psalms of Praise in their mouths. With what an unshaken mind, transport, and joy have they passed from their Prisons to a Stake, not in the least concerned at the sight of the executioner, the instruments of Death, and all the bloody Pomp that was carried before them! How have these noble confessors endured the torture of the Rack, the burning of the Flames, not only with patience, and submission; but with thankfulness, and access of joy, and exultancy of Spirit, though I confess there was somewhat peculiar in this case; yet was not all this owing to the liveliness of their hope, and strength of their assurance *Faith* made them Martyrs, and *Hope* made them Triumphant.

How many other Christians who were never called out to endure the *Fier*  
2 Pet. 4. 12. *Trial*; who never had the honour of Martyrdom conferred on them; have been fill'd with the greatest joy in their last

last moments! how many have discours'd  
of their death, given command concern-  
ing their Burial, and taken their leave of  
this World with joyful hearts, pleasant  
looks, and chearful countenance: how  
many have gone to Heaven not only with  
quiet, still, and silent affection; but with  
acclamations of Joy, and with verbal Prais-  
es of God in their mouths! have not their  
comforts been strongest when Nature has  
been weakest? Have not their Death-  
Bed Joys exceeded all that they ever  
felt before; and has not their last breath  
been employed in praising God? Did you  
never hear a dying Christian express him-  
self to this purpose? I thank God I am  
as willing to die as others are to live; the  
thoughts of my Coffin, and Grave don't  
trouble me; trouble me! They are as  
sweet as the thoughts of my Bed wont to  
be after the Toil, and Labour of the day.  
Is my end drawing on? Must I now die?  
Welcome News! Joyful Tidings!  
Weep (O my dear Friends) weep no  
more for me; for nothing troubles me  
but your excessive grief and sorrow: I  
am willing to die; and do you be willing  
I should: I am willing to wait with pa-  
tience till Gods time is come, but I could  
be very well contented now, even now,  
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this hour, this moment to be gone. I see nothing in this Vain, Sinful, and Wretched World that should make a wise man fond of it; but on the other side the grave what great, what blessed, Lord! What glorious things do I see? See so much that I am willing to die that I might see and enjoy more: The blessed, and loving Jesus has purchased and prepared a mansion for me, and now he calls me to come to it; and shall I be loth, backward, and unwilling? If I should, wou'd not my Saviour take it ill? Unwilling to die! What's that but to be unwilling to be happy? There will be joy in Heaven when I am there, and I would there should be joy on Earth now I am going thither. Though all cannot thus Triumph over Death, and the Grave, yet thanks be to God some can; and what's the ground of all this, but that lively hope their departing Souls are inspired with? Without hope how impossible were any thing of this kind? Hope attends them in their last sickness, hope shoots the gulf with them, carries them to the gates of Heaven, and never leaves them till they take possession of the immortal, and undefiled inheritance; and this hope is the reason of that peculiar joy other men are  
strangers



strangers to in a dying hour. What great things can hope do !

*Infer. VIII. How carefully should every righteous man endeavour that his hope may be strong, vigorous, and lively in a dying hour !*

Ere long God in whose hands is our time, our Life, and Breath will grant Death a commission : Ere long Death, inexorable Death, impartial Death, Death that has conquered all who lived before us, will enter our Chamber, lay close siege to our hearts the secret spring of Life ; rend, and tear us from the embraces of our dearest Friends ; who shall have nothing to do but to behold, and lament the victory. And what shall we then do if we have no hope, or but a weak one ? There is a very great difference in the Death even of righteous men themselves : Some go weeping, others triumphing through the dark valley : Some excellent Christians have many doubts, and fears in that hour ; Death terrifies though it cannot hurt them ; They have only some secret support ; but have not the joy of hope. Since the righteous may have hope, and such hope to be a cordial to them in their last, and most sorrowful moments ; Oh how greatly does it concern us to look to our selves, and use our utmost

utmost endeavours that we may have hope, and not only so; but that our hope may be strongest when Nature is weakest, and lively in our dying Agony; and that our best, richest, and sweetest Wine may be reserved to the Last!

Hope! how can we live without it? Hope! what shift can we make to die without it? Hope! how insipid are the pleasures of Life! Hope how uncomfortable are afflictions, how overwhelming are the terrors of Death without it! Hope! how does it lighten every Burden, sweeten every Cup, and make every Cross the more easie Hope! what safety may we have from it in every conflict, as it is

1 Thes. 5. 8.

Heb. 6. 19.

our *Helmet*; what security in every storm as it is our *Anchor*! Hope! how does it raise our Spirits, warm our Affections, invigorate our Endeavours, encrease our Love, inflame our Zeal! Hope! how does it enable men to contemn, slight, and despise all the admired and adored vanities of an empty, and perishing World! Hope what a pleasing relish does it give of every promise! What a sprightly accent to all our praises; and what a captivating power to every thought, and prospect of Heaven! Hope! how doth it make us

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more moderate in our desires, more modest in our requests, and more indifferent in our endeavours after these mean, and little things here below ! Of what use, and benefit is this hope to us ? A strong and confirmed hope will be of great use ; when a weak and wavering one will do us but little service : And how careful should you *Righteous ones* be to get, and keep, cherish, and maintain a good hope ! How industriously should you endeavour to live in Hope ; and above all, to die in hope ! That you may have this hope, and the comfort of it too, when your Sun is going down, and night is coming. You should labour after this lively hope.

1. *For God's sake.* The infinite doubts, fears, and jealousies which many sincere Christians cherish ; their drooping and desponding complaints ; their melancholy walking ; and uncomfortable lives reflect on that God they serve as if he were unkind ; and disgrace that best of Religions, which they have espous'd as if it were good for nothing but to make men dull, sad, and moping. Men see so little pleasure in Religion, because they see so little comfort in the lives of its Votaries : and if an un-  
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comfortable Life do so much; will not an uncomfortable Death do much more? For such men to be dejected, and cast down in sickness; to shiver, and tremble when death approaches; to question their right, and title to Heaven when they are going to it, may very much dishonour God, reflect upon Religion; and prejudice the Wicked: should any of these men be in the Chamber of such a dying Christian, how would they at least, secretly pity him for his easiness, and credulity; deride Religion, and scorn an holy life! with what disdain would they be ready to say? *See what all his Religion is come to; what is the fruit of his praying and hearing; his precise and circumspect walking; Death is as terrible to him as it would be to us: he talkt of Heaven all his Life-long but now where is his hope? what is become of his confidence? When he had heated his brain and phansie with some religious exercises; how pleasantly could he talk of Heaven? But now Death is approaching what little support has he from those thoughts?* Thus may your doubts, and fears strengthen the hands, and harden the Hearts of the wicked: and tell me Christian, is it not a trouble to thee to think, thou shouldest dishonour God, and discredit Religion, and that Religion which should

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should be dearer to thee than thy Life; in the very last part, and concluding act of it? Can the thought of it be tolerable to thee? Therefore for God's sake, and Religions sake get HOPE: for if you be comfortable and joyful then, (and if your hope be lively you may, and will be so;) you may convince, however you will silence These foolish men, and perhaps after your decease they may bethink themselves, and say, surely Religion is no vain thing; there is more in it than we know of, for how was this man filled with joy when grim death faced him full in the face? Such a death commends Religion more than an hundred Panegyricks written in the praise of it: having this hope, by your death-bed carriage and dying speeches you may bring more glory to God, honour to Christ, and credit to Religion at your death; than you did in your Life.

2. For your own sake. Is not death terrible, and do you want nothing to arm and fortifie you against it? but what will or can, if you have no hope? Death! how cold do the thoughts of it strike to our Hearts; especially when we see the departing pangs, hollow eyes, pale looks, ghastly countenances, short breath, trembling

bling limbs, and clammy sweats of our dying friends : and then think one day this will be our own case ! when we walk thro' Church-yards, and see rotten Skulls, scattered Bones, what a frightful thought is it to think ere-long it will be so with us ! but when death really comes to act all this over upon us ; what a difference shall we find between seeing another die, and dying our selves ? will you need no support at such a time , will you want no cordial in such an hour ? will you need no refreshment, when Heart, Flesh, and strength, and all does fail ? Will you want nothing to help you when you come to grapple with this huge *Goliath*, this mighty Conquerour, **DEATH** ? verily you will ; and what can succour, support, and help you in that hour but a lively hope ? Would you not have your Hearts sink, and die within you ? Would you be able to receive the Sentence of Death in your selves with a quiet, and calm submission to God's Will ? Would you die in peace, and go off with triumph ? then get, and maintain a *lively hope*.

3. *For the sake of those Relations you shall leave behind.* Whenever you die, you will leave them in Tears ; it will trouble them

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them to think that you are dead: but they will sorrow *most of all* to remember you did not die in hope. Out of respect, and pity to them get this lively hope; that they may have this to comfort and support them when you are dead and gone. That they may be able to say, my Husband, my Wife, my Father, my Mother, my Son, my Daughter is Dead; but thanks be to God they died with a *living* with a *lively* hope. If they have any love for you, any sense of Religion, any belief of another World, nothing will be so serviceable as this to check their immoderate sorrow. If you have no hope, or but little, tho' it is not their place to sit as judges upon you; yet may they not fear the worst? may they not take up a bitter lamentation at the Mouth of your Grave, and say, My loving Father, my dear Mother, my Son, my Child is dead: alas! here is the breathless Carcass that is left behind; but woe is me! woe is me! what is become of the Immortal Soul? Oh! get this hope, that you your selves, and others too may know where death will Land you: why should you be ambitious of going to Heaven *incognito*; and as it were by stealth? Why should you not let all know, that that

is the blessed Port you are bound for before you go off from Land? That when you are praising God in Heaven; your surviving Friends may be giving Thanks to God on Earth for your safe arrival.

Now, that you who are Righteous may have a lively hope in your Death; I shall lay down, and do you practise these following directions.

First, *Get, and maintain a firm, and settled belief of a future happiness.* Content not your selves with the guesses, and conjectures of an Heathen; with a cold, and naked opinion that is easily shaken with the breath of the next Temptation; with a Faith, which is the fruit of a Religious, and Virtuous Education; and is only the consequent of having been born, and brought up among a sort of men called Christians, an avowed Article of whose Creed is, *the Life everlasting*: but let your Faith be built upon sure Grounds, Divine Revelation; and let it be quickned, and rais'd to that degree that it may presentiate the future glory to you; that it may stand as a Rock unmoveable in the midst of Storms; and like a brazen Wall blunt, and beat back all



all those Arrows of Temptation, which are shot against it. Faith lays the Ground-work, and Foundation for hope; the Creed of a Sadducee and the hopes of a Christian are not reconcileable; if I believe there is no other World but this, how can I have hope of any thing beyond the Grave? and if my Faith be weak and wavering a dead, and lifeless thing; will not my hope be so too? As the Lamp goes out unless there be Oil to feed it, so hope will wither, languish, and die except Faith maintain it. Hope springs from Faith, is nourished by, and is in proportion to it. In order to a lively hope, it is necessary we conquer our infidelity, and watch, strive, and pray against an *evil Heart of Unbelief*. Hope will not, indeed none of the Fruits of the Holy Spirit can thrive, or flourish while *this root of bitterness is in the Heart*. Let us then use all the means appointed that we may be *strong in Faith*, the life of our hopes, nay the life of all our Religion depend upon the certainty of a future state: blot this Article out of our Creed, and you stab Religion to the Heart: the whole of Religion in a manner, depends on the truth of this one, single Article; *a life to come*, and thanks be God we are

Heb. 3. 12.

Rom. 4. 20.

not left without plain, abundant and sufficient proof of it: and they who are Infidels in this age, and in this part of the World, they are so not out of necessity; but, rather out of choice. Let us then with the greatest seriousness of Spirit, intention of mind apply our selves to consider the many, and clear evidences there are of a future state; and tho' Satan may raise Batteries against our Faith; yet let us defend it, and pray to God it may never fail. Let Faith often travel into *your* *under* Eternal World: send it as a Spy to take a view of the Heavenly *Canaan*; and firmly believe the report it brings back: for our Faith must be stedfast, if ever we would have our hope unshaken.

Secondly; *Walk closely with God, and take heed of all known, willful, and presumptuous Sins.* Having solemnly dedicated your selves to the glory, and service of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit, walk according to that dedication: Watch against every thing that may give a wound to your sincerity, or cause you to question it. If you would have hope in your Death live according to your Character, *Righteous persons,* What is the fruit of your sloth and negligence; the

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the consequent of your hearkning to sin, and complying with temptation, but perplexing jealousies, and tormenting suspicions, blotted evidences, and languishing hopes; want of assurance, and the Heavenly joy that flows from thence? Am I in a state of Grace, and do I belong to God? Will God reward such poor, and mean performances with Heaven? Is not my hope vain, and only the counterfeit of that which is in true Christians? Shall I ever be happy, or may I venture to hope I shall? Are the disconsolate reasonings of the careless Christian upon the neglect of duty, and commission of sin: It is thus; and have not some of you found it so? Willful, and presumptuous sins will raise black, and dark clouds between you and Heaven: These clouds may eclipse the light of Gods countenance at present; and break, and fall down in terrible storms, and tempests in the evening. What a dreadful change did holy *David* find in himself after his unhappy, and scandalous fall? How did it damp his joy, blot his evidences, and stab his hopes? Poor man! he is wrapt up in clouds, and darkness, and in great distress, and agonies of Soul cries to God; Lord! restore to me the joy of thy Sal-

## 118 *The Righteous Man's Hope*

vation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

On the contrary, an holy obedient life; a strict, and circumspect walking with God will both warrant, and confirm our hope. Heaven is promised to the obedient; or in the language of the Text to the *righteous*: And every act of sincere obedience will enable me to see my right to the promise, and apply it to my self; and a constant, and persevering obedience will be accompanied with a full assurance of hope unto the end. Holiness of heart, and life will furnish me with an answer to all my doubts, and fears; afford me comfort amidst all my sad jealousies, and perplexities of Spirit; strengthen me to look as far as Heaven, and enable me to read my name written there. Our Hope as well as our Faith without works will be dead: But a strong and lively; a certain and confirmed hope will be the issue of an holy, and obedient life. It will entitle us to the promise, and warrant our hope of the reward. Would you then have hope in your Death? Mortifie sin, subdue corruptions, and crucifie the old man; keep up the Government of Grace, and the

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Heb. 6. 11.

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Authority of Christ in your Souls; watch against snares and temptations; keep your garments undefiled and your selves unspotted: Remember every willful sin wounds your hope.

Thirdly; *If through the strength of corruption, and violence of temptation you chance to miscarry, and fall; endeavour to rise again by a solemn, serious, and speedy repentance* We (thanks be to God) are not under the Law, which requires a sinless, spotless obedience as the condition of Life: But under the Gospel of the meek, and merciful Jesus, which requires and admits of repentance: And whenever we have wounded our selves by sin; it is our interest, and wisdom to betake our selves to this remedy. Though you cannot keep your selves innocent, yet be sure you do not live impenitent: If you do defile your garments in one instant, be sure you wash them with a flood of penitential tears the next: Keep Conscience wakeful, and tender that it may sharply reprove you when you do amiss; and when Conscience looks upon you, as Christ did upon Peter do you also go out *Mat. 26. 75.* and weep bitterly. Let your repentance be serious and solemn; with blushing

and shame ; confusion and sorrow ; with hearty sighs and groans ; with a broken heart and contrite Spirit ; with a bleeding soul and melting affections : With all the signs of a Gospel-repentance, and unfeigned remorse, confess and bewail your late sin, or sins before God : Let your confession be free, and not forc't ; particular, and not general ; and the more to affect, melt, and humble you, aggravate your sin with the several circumstances which did attend the commission of it : And then beg of God to pardon you. Plead, Christian, plead as for thy life, that that sin might not eclipse the light of his countenance ; deprive thee of the comforting, and witnessing presence of his Spirit ; that it might not prove either the damnation of thy soul ; or the destruction of thy hopes : And do all this speedily while the wound is fresh and green ; before it rankle and putrifie. While you delay your repentance your hearts will grow more hard ; your conscience more insensible ; and the neglected bruise which you got by your fall will grow worse, and worse ; and if it be not timely lookt after may prove the death of all your hopes. After the heat and hurry of the day, does conscience in the  
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cool of the evening cite thee to make thy appearance in its Court? Summon thee by some sudden rebuke, and surprising terror to hold up thy guilty hands at its Tribunal? As soon as ever this Domestick Judge reads the Bill of Indictment, and brings the bloody charge against thee; betake thy self to a serious repentance, revoke, retract, and wipe out thy sins by an immediate act of repentance. 'Tis true, 'tis infinitely better to be righteous persons who need no repentance; i. e. to be guilty of as few sinful miscarriages! as we can: But in case we do fall we have this remedy at hand, and we must use it. If I sin in the day, I ought to go and be reconciled to God, and my own Conscience before night. If we take this course our hope which was withering, languishing, and dying, like grass scorcht with the heat of the burning Sun; being watered with these showers of penitential tears, may revive, sprout forth, and flourish again; and be fresh in the very evening, This is the way to have great peace in Life and at Death.

Luk. 15. 7.

Fourthly, *Daily exercise Faith in Christ; especially as Crucified, and Risen from the Dead.*  
Christ

Christ by his Blood-shed and Death; by his passion, and the Sacrifice of himself on the Cross has bore the Curse of the Law, satisfied Divine Justice, and quench'd those Flames of Wrath we had kindled: he hath expiated our sins, conquered the Devil, and disarmed Death: he paid our Ransom, Redeem'd us from Hell, which we can hardly think of without horror, and trembling; and purchased Heaven, where we long and desire to be: he hath opened the Gates of Heaven, and invites and beckons us to enter in; and oh how powerful are the thoughts of a weeping, bleeding, groaning, and dying Jesus to revive, and recover the dying hopes of poor Sinners! Do I stand amaz'd at the thoughts of my guilt; overwhelm'd with the sight of my sins; terrified with apprehensions of Divine Severity and Justice? Do I in the depths of a melancholy grief cry out, my hope is gone; woe is me! my hope is gone; can there be any happiness, any Heaven for such a wretch as I am? how can I, how dare I hope! oh that I could hope! but alas! the Law Curses and Condemns me; and I (O miserable man!) have little or no hope: I would think of *Christ our Pass-*



*Over Sacrificed for us.* In this case what is to be done? Shall I sink under the burden; abandon all hope; indulge my sorrow and fear, and give way to a self-tormenting despair? No, I would go to mount *Calvary*, and set my self at the foot of my Redeemers Cross: I would often look up to a bleeding and dying Jesus; think what he suffered, for whom, and for what end; and then I would embrace this dying Jesus in the Arms of my Faith: and after this how soon would hope begin to stir? Christ *dying* on the Cross, and Christ *living* in the Heart is the foundation of our hope; and thanks be to God, 'tis such a Foundation as cannot be shaken.

I add further, it is infinitely useful to consider, and act Faith in Christ as risen from the Dead. Had our Lord Jesus onely died, and not risen again; had he been yet sleeping in the Grave as Death's Eternal Prisoner; had he not after a little time reviv'd, and rose, and liv'd again all our hope must have been buried with him in the same Grave: but tho' he *was* Dead, he *is* Alive, and *lives* for evermore, Rev. i. 18. and to Eye him as risen is very serviceable to quicken our hope: how fully, even beyond all possibility of doubting, does

does the Resurrection of Christ assure us that his Death was valid; his Sacrifice accepted, our debt paid, and justice satisfied: that he did all that was necessary to expiate our sins; and finished the work of our Redemption before he gave up the Ghost and Died on the Cross! with his last, with his dying Breath he cried out, *It is finished*; and is not his Resurrection a full, convincing, and undeniable evidence of the truth of that saying, did Justice release, and Divine Power bring him out of Prison? Did God give him an open, and publick acquittance? And is there any ground to suspect the payment of what we ow'd, and he undertook to satisfy for? may we not from hence conclude to our unspeakable comfort, encouragement, and joy the efficacy of his Death; the validity of his sufferings; and the perfection of his sacrifice?

Moreover, does not the Resurrection of Christ discover the possibility of ours? nay is it not the cause, and reason, the earnest, and pledge of it? Did he roll away the Stone from his own Sepulchre; and can he want power to roll it away from the Graves of his People? Is the

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Head Risen, and now in Heaven; and shall the Members always be the Prisoners of Death? is he Risen as the *First Fruits*; and shall there not be an Harvest at the end of the World? Oh what influence hath the Resurrection of Christ upon our hope, as we are Christians! therefore we are said, to be *begotten again* <sup>1 Co. 15. 23.</sup> to a lively hope, by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead, and God raised him <sup>21.</sup> up from the Dead, that our Faith, and Hope might be in God. A daily and lively exercise of Faith in Christ as Crucified, and Risen would contribute very much to the Strength, Life, and Vigour of our Hope.

Fifthly, Beg of God to fill you with, and give you his Holy Spirit to beget and nourish it in you. We can have no good and solid, well-grounded and lasting Hope except it be given us from above: we cannot get it our selves; we must be begotten to it: it does not grow and spring up of it self, but must be planted in us by a Divine Hand; and if it be not watered too by the same Hand, how soon will it wither and die! if we have good <sup>2 Thes. 2.</sup> Hope we have it thro' Grace; and as God's <sup>16.</sup> gift. It is nothing but the Breath of God can

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can scatter those Fogs and Mists which darken our Souls, and cloud our Hopes. If we are without Hope let us look up to God for it: if our Hope decline, and wither, if that which *remains*, be ready to die, let us beg of him his Holy Spirit to quicken, and recover it. The Spirit of God Works Grace, and then enables the Soul to see it; and then helps him

Rev. 3. 2. *to rejoice in Hope of the Glory of God.* Oh how soon can he scatter those fears that torment us; answer those doubts which for many years have been unresolved; and fill that Heart with Hope which was almost swallowed up of Despair! How necessary is frequent, fervent Prayer to keep our Hope alive! If you want go to God for it; fall on thy Knees and say, I have heard, and Lord! I believe there is an Heaven; and thro' Grace it is possible to *me*, even to *me*; I see many of my-fellow Christians with whom I pray, hear, and daily converse, living in the joyful hope, and expectation of it: but I am full of doubts and fears, Lord I have little, or no hope; and if Death should come while matters are thus with me; how should I ever be able to die! it is bad to live; but Lord! it's worse to die without hope; oh-for hope! oh for a lively

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lively hope of Heaven! oh that on my Death-bed, when I shall have no hope of Life; I may have hope of Glory! oh give me thy holy Spirit to scatter my tears, resolve my doubts, calm my Conscience, and enliven my hope! whatever I am deny'd while I live, Lord! let me have hope at last: let this Prayer be heard now, and fully answered when a dying hour comes.

Sixthly, *Frequently, and seriously examine the ground, and reason of your Hope.* Many take up their Hope upon very slight, and insufficient grounds; and the least blast of affliction blows down these Castles they build in the Air: many times their hope is like *Jonah's Gourd, which* Jon 4 6. *sprang up at night, and withered the next* ver. 7. *Morning.* A sound hope is the fruit of many Prayers and Tears; much watchfulness and holy walking; and we have reason to suspect that hope we come easily and quickly by. Such an hope may a little comfort us in the Sun-shine of the Day; but not when the dark Night of Death is coming.

If you would have your hope to be lively at Death, examine carefully the grounds

grounds, and reasons of it; what footing there is for thy hope in the Scripture. That hope, and no other which hath been often brought to the Touch-Stone, and tried is like to last when grim, and frightful Death shall look us in the Face. Ask your own Consciences a reason of that hope that is in you, and take not up with the first answer; but let this weighty and momentous question be oft repeated, and as often answered; and by this means you will be less apt to suspect it hereafter: it will then be strong, and lively when Nature is weak, and feeble; and afford you joy, and ravishment when the Shadows of Death shall sit on your Eye-lids; and your Immortal Spirits are taking Wing, and flying to the other World. An hope that is taken up no body knows how, or why will certainly fail, when there is most need of it.

Retire then (Christian) from the World, and set some hours apart for this great Work, and speak to thy self in some such manner as this: Death, O *my Soul!* is coming, and after that men go to Heaven, or to Hell; in which of these must I be, and dwell for ever? whither must I go when I die? where  
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will death land me? Shall I go to God,  
 or Devils? Be received up into a Mansion  
 of light above; or be cast down to a  
 Dungeon of Darkneſs below? When I  
 ſhall knock at the Gate of Heaven, and  
 ſay Lord, Lord open to me; am I like to  
 be admitted, or deny'd? When thou O  
 my Soul! ſhalt leave this Body, ſhalt thou  
 under the conduct of Holy Angels, go  
 to the joyful aſſembly above; or be drag'd  
 by Infernal Spirits, who lie watching for  
 their Prey, to the Congregations of De-  
 vils beneath? Thou art going, *O my Soul!*  
 thou art going to an ETERNAL World:  
 but is it to an happy; or a miſerable one?  
 to ETERNAL Joys, or to ETERNAL  
 Sorrows? to Heaven, where is an  
 ETERNAL Day; or to Hell, where  
 will be an ETERNAL Night? It is  
 well with me at preſent, I am full, and  
 at eaſe, I want nothing this World can  
 afford; *The lines are fallen to me in a plea-* Pſal. 16. 6.  
*ſant place; I have a goodly Heritage:* but  
 how is it like to go with me hereafter?  
 Will it be well, or ill with me for ever?  
*O my Soul!* ought I not, ſhall I not be  
 concern'd to know how it will fare with  
 me for ever.

K

Hope

Hope of Heaven is very common; who almost among the sons of men does not hope for it? But how many are mistaken now; and disappointed hereafter! How many have lived in hope, and dyed in hope, and after all been for ever shut out! Oh how many have been imposed upon by Satan, cheated, and deceived by their own hearts; and am not I in danger of being so too? Is not Satan as cunning and subtil now as he was then? Is not my heart as base, false, deceitful, and treacherous as theirs; and am not I as likely to be blinded by self-love as they were? How much hope is vain, false, and groundless, serving only to delude men at present, and shame them for ever! How many have been buoyed up, and flusht with hope on a Death-bed; and in a little time (Doleful moment) swallowed up of total, final, and remediless despair! What if this should be my case? What if it should be so with me?

Do I hope for Heaven? O my Soul! of what kind is my hope? What was the Spring? What is the Nature? What are the Effects? What Stamp is it of? Whose

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Whose Superscription does it bear? Is it any better; is it any thing more than *the hope of the Hypocrite which shall perish?* Job 8. 13. Will it endure a trial at the Bar of Conscience; and at the Bar of God too? Have I any one promise in all the book of God to countenance my hope; and warrant my expectation? This question is weighty; and important, and to mistake here may be very fatal, and is infinitely dangerous: Therefore tell me *O my Soul!* what manner of hope is thine? Thus, and thus I find it is with them who have a good hope; Is it so with me or no? I am loth to be deceived, afraid of being mistaken, therefore *O my Soul!* deal plainly, and truly with me. *O my Conscience!* take the candle of the Lord, and search me, and faithfully tell me (as thou wilt answer the neglect another day) whether my hope be sound, and good or no.

If you would take this course what a confirmed hope might you have in Life, and what a lively hope in Death? An hope that would mitigate the terrors, abate the horror, assuage the pangs, and sweeten the agonies of a dying hour. With such a hope you may die not only

safely, but comfortably too: go to your Graves not only in peace but [with triumph. While other mens Chambers are filled with disconsolate sighs; and groans, yours may ring with acclamations of victory, and songs of praise: While the awaked, and despairing sinner is crying out; must I die! must I die! *O my weeping friends!* must I die! your looks may be pleasant, your countenances chearful, and your hearts transported with joy: You may be able to welcome Death, and triumph over the Grave; you may have such a glorious prospect of the happiness above, that you may praise God with your last, with your dying breath; and Hallelujah may be your *last* word in this World as well as your *first* in the next.

Infer. IX. *Hence we may learn how to carry it with reference to those Righteous, and Holy Relations of ours who had such hope in their Death.* Are any of our holy relations dead; and did they die in hope; and is there no duty incumbent on us who are left behind? Have we nothing to do, but to provide for their funeral, and follow them to the grave? Alas! as to them when we have done this we have

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have done all we can for them. When we have got them a Coffin, purchased a Grave for, and laid them in it, we can do no more for them: But at such a time is there nothing to be done by us for our selves? Does not the Death of an Husband, a Wife, a Father, a Mother call upon surviving Relations to improve it? At such a time God calls, Providence calls, and Death calls upon us to mind our duty. I shall not largely treat on this Head, but only shew what is to be done by us, with reference to them as they died in HOPE.

*First We should take notice of, and remark their happy, and comfortable end. We should observe, register, and remember Gods kindness, and love to; his gracious and merciful dealings with them in their last sickness, and on a Death-bed. It cannot but be useful to take notice of the miserable end of many wicked men. Is Conscience awakned, and all their sins set in order before them? Are they filled with horror, and anguish? Is some of the everlasting fire flasht in their Faces? Does the Devil begin to torment them before the time? Is God a terror to them and they a terror to themselves?*

Mat. 8. 29.

Mat 25 41.

Are they weary of Life ; and yet afraid of Death ? Are they rackt and tortured ; and do they speak nothing but the language of Hell before they come there ? Are they cast at the Bar of Conscience, before they are condemned at the Tribunal of their Supreme Judge ? Do they sensibly feel what horror attends the final doom ? *Depart from me ye cursed :* Do they cry out, and tremble as if they *now* heard it pronounced by their eternal Judge ? Does a righteous God commission Conscience to witness against, Judge and Condemn them ; to sting, and lash them in their last hours for the sins of their past Life ? And ought we not to take notice of, and improve all this ? May not such a sight ; the remembrance of what we saw, and heard in that hour awaken our Consciences, startle our Spirits, affect, and warm our hearts ? May it not tend to shew us the Justice of God, the evil of sin, and the infinite danger of neglecting to hearken to the voice of God while it is called today ? May it not excite our diligence, quicken our repentance, and assist our preparations for Death, and judgment ? May it not Arm us against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil ; and make us more resolved to  
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hearken to the voice of the Spirit; the checks of our own Conscience, and the compassionate calls of mercy? Would it not make us know the worth of time, and put us upon husbanding, redeeming and improving it to the best ends; the Glory of God, and Salvation of our Souls? Would it not make us love Christ, prize his sacrifice, and value his blood more? Would it not put us upon reviewing our lives; searching our hearts, and examining our state, and amending what has been amiss? Oh how much good may we get by the death of poor awakned sinners; and how great is our folly, and sin in case we don't!

And can it be unprofitable, and uselefs to mark, observe, and remember the more happy, and comfortable end of the Righteous? Shall we take no notice, what is the end, issue, and conclusion of an Holy Life? We should remember how they lived, and how they died.

Did God in their sickness furnish them with patience, and calmness, submission, and resignation to his Holy Will? Were their Thoughts compos'd, Minds settled,

Spirits calm, their peace undisturb'd,  
their Joy great, and their Hope lively?  
Was there a willingness to die, and a de-  
fire to depart that they might be with  
Christ? did God resolve their Doubts;  
scatter the Clouds, and help them to over-  
come their fears? Has such an one been en-  
abled to say? Lord! I am thine, I lye at thy  
Foot, here I am, do to me, dispose of  
me, remove, or continue my pains, as  
thou wilt; let me be well or sick; live  
or die; be recover'd or remov'd as thou  
pleasest. Lord! if thou hast any more  
Work for me to do, I am willing to live,  
and content my happiness should yet be  
deferr'd; and I'll acknowledg thy Grace  
if thou wilt yet use me, and make me  
an Instrument of thy Glory: but if my  
work be done, and the number of my  
years be accomplisht, I am willing Lord!  
I am willing now to die: if it be thy  
pleasure now to remove me, if this sickness  
must be my last, and end in death; if to  
die now be really best for me, and most  
for thy glory; I will not draw back, I  
am ready at thy call, command, and  
pleasure to lay down *this* Body: and  
thanks be to God I can heartily say *the*  
*Will of the Lord be done.* Have any of  
your Christian Friends, or Holy Relations  
died

died thus? Heavenly frame! Blessed end! Glorious triumph over Death, and the Grave! Ought we not, and may it not be infinitely useful to mark and remember this? How much may it contribute to maintain the Life of Religion, and the Power of Godliness in us! may not the memory of what we observ'd, and saw at such a time confirm us in our holy Choice; strengthen our Faith, and throughly convince us Religion is not a vain thing? Will it not recommend the Holy Ways of God, set off Religion, and make all holy exercises more sweet, and pleasant to us? but in particular, may not an observing how they died afford matter of encouragement, and support to us when we have sad, and melancholy Thoughts as to our own departure? how oft does many a poor, sincere Christian in bitterness cry out? How shall I with a Christian Patience, an humble submission, and an entire resignation bear long, painful, and tedious sickness? how shall I be able to conquer the fear, and submit to the stroke of Death? How shall I be able to grapple with that Enemy, and encounter the King of Terrors? How shall I be able with joy, and cheerfulness; without murmuring, and repining

pining to obey my Summons to Death  
 and Judgment? When I do but suppose  
 my self sick, weak, and full of pain;  
 when I seriously think of my Coffin, and  
 Grave I tremble: but Lord! what shall  
 I do when it comes to the trial! thus  
 it is with many, and has it not been so with  
 you at one time, or other; and may it  
 not be so again? and if it should, how  
 may the memory of the happy end of  
 holy friends, and relations administer to  
 your support! when thou hast the Death  
 of such an one fresh in thy thoughts thou  
 mayst say; *why art thou cast down O my*  
*Soul? and why art thou thus disquieted*  
*within me?* Is it because this body must  
 die? How many holy ones are dead be-  
 fore me? They were weak, frail, and  
 imperfect as I am, but God furnished  
 them with patience, courage, and strength;  
 quieted their Mind; calm'd their Spirits,  
 and husht their ruffling passions, and  
 when *my hour comes* I hope God will help  
 me to die too. Have not I the same  
 God to depend upon; the same promi-  
 ses to encourage me; the same Jesus  
 to stand by me; and the same Holy Spi-  
 rit to assist me? I remember my holy  
 Father died with comfort; my holy  
 Mother made an happy, and peaceable  
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End; and why may not I? Death is conquered, it is conquer'd. And the fear of it may be overcome, I have seen it may; and why should the fear of it keep me in a perpetual bondage? How serviceable may it be to remember how other holy Men, and Women have died before us!

Secondly, *Another duty with reference to those who died in hope; is to give thanks to God for those assistances, and that Grace which was vouchsafed to them in a dying hour.*

Surviving Relations, who were Eye-witnesses of God's goodness to them who are departed should own, acknowledge, and praise God for it when they are dead, and gone. *The dead cannot*

*praise God; but the living, the living they should.*

When they were sick you did (I am sure you should) pray for them; and being dead, and having died in hope you should give thanks to the Father of Mercies for his Mercy to them; for his goodness to them in the close, in the evening, in the concluding act of their lives. Tho' (thanks be to God) we know nothing of praying for the Dead; yet we may, and ought to praise God for his Grace to them; and especially for that Grace which enabled them

Isai. 38 19.

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Zech 14.7.

to go off, and die so well. Did God in the evening visit their Souls, speak peace to their Consciences, publish their Pardon, and carry them beyond the fear of Death, and the Grave? Did the Comforter come, and did they find, and feel he was; before death did? did God open the *Eyes* of the Soul to read their Evidences for Heaven, before death closed *those* of the Body? did God shine in upon their Souls, *and in the evening-time was it light*? did you hear them speak of their departure without Tears, and Groans; nay, with Joy, and Triumph? did you see a Calm upon their Spirits? did you see them compose themselves to die in the same manner they were wont to do when they went to sleep; with little, or no difference, only an *unusual coldness*? and did they thus die? Lord what praise is due to Free Grace! Is it not the duty, and interest of the Husband to bless God for his mercy to his departed Wife? Is it not the duty of Children to offer up a Sacrifice of praise to their God, and their Fathers God, for the seasonable help, the gracious supports, and the suitable comforts afforded to a Father, to a Mother in a dying hour? should not as many praises be given to God for

for his mercy to their Souls as Tears shed over their Coffins, and Graves? what praises! oh what hearty praises are due to God; that they set sail with a fair Wind, an happy Tide, and got safe to Shore! is it not melancholy, and sad to see such near Relations full of doubts, and fears crying out, I cannot die; I dare not die; and did God prevent all this by giving them hope. and the joy of hope too, before they left us to go to him? and should not God have the Glory that is due unto his name? Our sacrifices of praise should mount up to Heaven in a pure, and bright flame, and there meet the Souls of our deceased Relatives. Thanksgiving and Praise is a debt which holy persons, who were thus privileged in their last moments; would have their surviving Relations pay to God in their name, and stead.

Thirdly, Another Duty, *is a careful imitation of their holy Lives.* This is a special branch of that Communion we have with departed Saints: and the nearer they were to us in the flesh, the more careful we should be to imitate them. How does it concern Children who are left behind to follow the example, tread in the

the steps of an holy Father, or a godly Mother! oh how should they endeavour to be the *living Images* of their deceased Parents gone from them to God! how greatly doth it concern such to labour after the same Vertues, and Graces; to accustom themselves to the same holy practices, and religious exercises; to keep up the old friendship there hath been between God and their Family; that the Covenant Relation might not be broken in them!

Were they humble and meek; quiet and patient; holy and heavenly? were they devoted to God, and to the service of the Redeemer, and did they live, walk, and act as such? did they slight the World, and all the gay and charming vanities of it; and fill up every Relation with duty? were they given to secret Prayer, did they keep up Communion with God, adorn their holy profession, and live suitably to it at all times? did they carefully husband, and redeem their Time, wisely imploy, and improve all their Talents? were they kind, and merciful, liberal and charitable; and did they

1 Pet. 3. 7. *live as Heirs of the Grace of God; and*  
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pectants of a future Glory? were they burning and shining lights? an honour to their Profession, a credit to Religion and a peculiar Grace, and Ornament to the particular Churches they were Members of? did they carry it towards God, and Man according to the rules of their holy Religion? did they converse with God, live in Heaven, and prepare for Death and Judgment? oh how worthy is this the imitation of them who are left behind!

How oft is wickedness and vice; profaneness and irreligion transmitted from Father to Son? and how do their Children act as if they were *only born* to perpetuate the War against Heaven; and were *only left* to fill up the measure of their Father's iniquities! how oft do some particular Vices, or Vice run in a blood, and are propagated from generation to generation till the whole family of these accursed Sinners is extinct! and oh what a shame, and pity is it, that Piety and Religion which are the honour and glory of a Family; which make a man excellent while he lives, and render his memory precious when he is dead; which render us dear to God and useful to others;

thers; should not outlive the present Generation!

*See more of this in the Epistle.*

To stir us up to a careful imitation of such holy relations; what argument can be more prevalent than this before us? To consider what is the happy conclusion of an holy life, viz. *hope in Death*. At such a time every one is ready to cry out

Numb. 23. with *Balaam*, *Oh that I might die the death*  
 10. *of the righteous: and my latter end might be like to his!* but what a vain wish is this, if our lives be unlike to theirs? the Children of holy Parents more especially should strive to be followers of them, and keep God among them. Was God (should such an one say) my Fathers God, and my Mothers God, and shall I forsake or cast him off? Oh what a sin, and shame is this! have I such a fair Copy to write after, and will it not greatly reflect on me if mine be full of blots and blurs? When you are tempted, remember you are the off-spring of them who were the friends, and lovers of God: that you are come of an holy stock; and then say, would my holy Father, my godly Mother who are now with God have

have done thus, and thus? Are they acting the part of holy Angels in Heaven; and shall I, the Son, the Daughter of such Religious Parents be acting the Devil upon Earth? Will not the very dust of these holy Relations rise up in Judgment against, and condemn me? *O my Soul!* let me remember with what comfort they lived; with what hope they died; & with what joy they shall rise again: what foretastes of Heaven, how much of their reward they had on a death-bed, and let me charge it upon my self in a solemn manner, to be a follower of them, so far as they were followers of Christ.

When an holy Father, or Mother dies methinks this is the farewell language: I have resigned, and devoted my self to God, and by his grace I have been enabled in some measure to live suitably to such a state. 'Tis true I have had my imperfections, and failings, many infirmities have attended me which I heartily bewail, and unfeignedly lament; but I have (thanks be to God) I have the testimony of my Conscience, I have been sincere, and upright; and now at last God is beginning to give me the rewards of a holy Life. I have had in *this* sickness much from God, and I hope for more: I am full, I am full of joy; I long, I long to be gone; would God my work  
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were done and I were gone : Religion is not a vain thing , and now I find it is not ; I have serv'd a good Master, I have been his, I have lived as his and now upon a Death-bed he treats me as his own, as a Friend ; as a Servant, nay even as a Child : I do not repent of my Prayers, and Tears, my Watching against, and Wrestling with sin, my Circumspect walking, and my Holy Life, of any of the pains I took, the endeavours I used to be truly Religious. Repent ! no, no, I do not, I thank God for his grace bestowed on me, and that his grace was not altogether in vain. Tho' I relie only on the merits of Christ, and desire to be found and accepted in him ; yet I do, and can rejoice that my works prove my Faith to be more than a dead one : My fears are gone, my doubts are answered, my peace is settled, my Conscience is quiet, my joy full, and I can die ; and now by these my last comforts, by these my dying hopes, I beseech, beg of, charge and conjure you *O my dear Children !* Whom I shall leave in a wicked World to Serve, Please, and Honour God. What Errata's there have been in my Life let them be corrected, and amended in yours : And wherein grace  
hath



hath enabled me to be a follower of Christ, do you be followers of me; I now leave you to go to the Father; but this do, and God be with you, Amen.

When Holy Relations are snatcht away, dead, and gone what doth more nearly concern them who are left than to study and imitate their Holy Lives; to tread in their steps, follow their example, and write after their Copy? Oh what a laudable ambition is it, to strive who shall come nearest to the Original, and whose Copy shall be fairest!

Fourthly, Another duty incumbent on us, *Is to be more speedy, serious and solemn in making preparation for our own departure.* Thoughts of Death should be serious, lively, and affecting, and it is our sin, and folly if any of them be cold, flat, dull, and ineffectual. Death carries that awful sound, it is of that infinite concern, and importance that every view, thought, and glance should be improved by us. We should neither think, nor speak of this solemn, and weighty thing, *Death*, without concern. But alas! while we only entertain our selves with meer

contemplation, and naked speculation, how little do the best of us advance in real piety! How seldom is it that these thoughts make any deep, through, and lasting impressions upon our hearts! perhaps they scare and terrifie us at present, and produce some short-lived pangs of a gasping devotion; but how few are the better for walking among graves, and Tombs!

By reason of a croud of worldly business, secular affairs, present prosperity and flattering hopes of its continuance; through vain sports, and foolish pastimes; carnal mirth, and sensual joy; the crafty insinuations of a subtil Devil, and the sly suggestions of a deceitful heart most of these thoughts come short of that end they are proper to attain. How few alas! how few in this dying World of ours, which every day, and hour is changing its inhabitants, are reform'd, amended, and made better! don't they love the World, pursue vanity, follow their pleasures, neglect duty, forget God, and themselves; have they not as strong an appetite after the little things of time, and are not their affections to the great

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things of Eternity as cold, and flat as ever?

But if it be so when we think of Death; should it be so after we have seen it, and God has been holding the frightful picture of it before our Eyes? If this won't affect, and awaken (the Lord pity us) what will? When a near and dear Relation is gone, the living should prepare to follow: And if such an one died in hope, it should add Life and Vigour to our endeavours; for in them we see that to be prepared is no impossible thing. After such a Providence it is seasonable, adviseable, and may be very profitable, and useful to make this ensuing Reflection.

I am but poor Dust, a crawling Worm, breathing Clay, a sinful Creature; I must certainly, and I may quickly die: After a few more moments, and hours I may; after a few more weeks, and years I must. Ere long alas! in a little, little time it will be with me as it now is with this near, and dear Relation of mine. My breath will fail, my pulse be low, my tongue falter, my countenance change, my visage will be marr'd, my

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looks

looks will be frightful and my body cold, and stiff: It is his, or her turn to die now, ere long it will be mine. May not I be the next person that falls sick; the next time this grave is opened may it not be to receive me? The next Funeral out of this Family, may it not be mine? The next Arrow that is shot may it not glance by others, strike me, and leave me dead on the spot? Do I think of living many years, that it will be a long time before my present Lease be expired? Vain thought! do I talk of another year, or day? This may be my last, and for ought I know it will be so: And is it not, *O my Soul!* my grand duty, my great concern, and ought it not to be my chief care to make my peace with God, to obtain the pardon of my sin, and an interest in Christ, to get grace wrought, and the evidence of it that I may *Die in Hope*? That on a Death-Bed I may firmly depend on the mercy of God; in my sorrowful moments trust in the Merits of Christ; and with my last breath commit my Soul to the care of my Redeemer; with Faith, and Confidence, saying, as some of the last words I shall ever speak in

this

this World : *Lord Jesus receive my Spirit ?* Act. 7. 59.

Is one dead, and another dead ? is my Father, or my Mother, my Husband, or my Wife dead ? and shall not I prepare for the evil day that is coming apace, and will be quickly here ? in that day, in that moment I, and my dearest friends must part : in that moment, my Soul and Body must be Divorc'd ; in that moment ( awful thought ! ) my Soul must go to judgment, stand at the Bar of that God whose purity is untainted ; whose holiness is unspotted ; whose justice is impartial ; whose power is irresistible ; whose truth is invariable ; whose anger is as a flaming Fire ; whose glory is amazing ; whose Majesty is tremendous ; and whose sentence will be righteous, final, and irreverfible ; and shall I be vain and worldly, slothful, and negligent ; careless, and secure ; merry and sportive when I may have fuch a speedy fummons ? Shall I dare to be fo, with the laft groans of my dying Father, or Mother in mine Ears ; when the language thereof was *O my Children, prepare to follow me ?*

When I enter'd the dark, and silent Chamber; stood by the Bed-side of my dying Father, of my departing Mother; when I saw the last breath, and what a change one minute made, when I heard the last sob, and groan; the sight of mine Eyes and the hearing of my Ears did affect my Heart: every thing I *then* saw, and heard made some impression upon me; my thoughts of Death, Eternity, and a World to come were more serious, affecting, and moving than at other times, when I saw with what peace, and comfort, hope, and joy they died, then thought I with my self, Lord! what is Grace, Christ, and Pardon of sin, thy favour, love, and hope of Heaven worth; oh that I might thus die! and shall these thoughts die, and come to nothing, when my dead are buried out of my sight? shall I forget their hopes, and my own wish, purpose, and resolution? when *their* Funeral is over, shall my care to provide for my *own* be over too? Lord! revive these thoughts, and let them not wear off; having seen the happy death, the comfortable end of so near, and dear a Relation; I hope I shall wisely improve this *Memento* of my own Mortality, be more speedy, and solemn in making

making preparation for my own Change:  
assist, and help me *Lord!*

*Fifthly, Another duty is to moderate sorrow for the death of such holy Relations, and Friends who died in Hope.* Mourning for the dead is neither uncomely, nor unlawful: Nature commands, and Religion allows us to pay this Tribute at the Grave of deceased Relatives. Religion only corrects, it does not root out natural affections: it is only a Pruning Knife to cut off the luxuriant Branches; not an Axe to cut down this Tree at the Root. Religion is a Bridle to curb, and restrain; but not an Opiate to stupify. We are not required to cease to be Men when we become Christians; Grace and good Nature are not such Enemies that they cannot dwell together; nay, usually the former thrives and flourishes best where there is most of the latter. We may lawfully shed some Tears over the Grave of deceased Friends, upon such occasions have not holy men had their set and appointed days of mourning? To die unlamented; to be thrown into a disconsolate hole of the Earth without the solemnity of a sigh, groan, or tear is it not a sign there was but little worth in the  
dead,

dead, or a great deal of ill nature in the living? nay, is it not threatned as a punishment? *Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning Jehojakim the Son of Josiah King of Judah, they shall not lament for him, saying, Ah my Brother! or ah my Sister! they shall not lament for him, saying, Ah Lord, or ah his glory! Jer. 22. 18.* Holy Job mourned for his Children when Dead: he met with many trials, and afflictions before, the *Sabeans* and *Chaldeans* had rob'd, and plunder'd him: Fire from Heaven had destroyed his substance; and yet he bore this with an heroick patience, and a noble greatness of mind; we don't find he utter'd a groan, or dropt a tear upon this account: but when he received the heavy tydings that his Sons and Daughters were dead *then he arose, and rent his Mantle, and shaved his head; the usual signs of a solemn mourning; in this he was not guilty: for God himself bore him witness that in all this he sinned not, Job 1. 20, 22.*

To cry out at such a time, *Alas! my Father, alas! my Mother, alas! my Brother!* is but to speak in the language of a Prophet, *1 Kin. 13. 30.*

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A Father dead ! a Mother dead ! and may we not be sensible of such a stroke, and mourn for such a breach ? Are they dead who under God were the Authors of life to us, and ought we not to mourn ? mourning at the Funeral of such Relations was permitted even to the Priests, *Lev. 21. 1.* David when he would express the greatness of his sorrow sets it out by this ; *I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his MOTHER.* All funeral sorrow is not unlawful. Psal. 35. 14.

Shall death, pale, cold, grim, and frightful death knock at our door, enter our house, come into our family, captivate, and snatch away a principal member of it ? Shall death turn the desire of our Eyes into a breathless corps, spoil the beauty, rive the Tongue, close the Eyes, stop the Ears, Fetter the Hands, and shackle the Feet of a dear Relation ? is their life gone, and breath stopt, and are they turn'd into cold, clammy Earth ? must we see their faces, hear their voices, enjoy their company which many, and many a time we have with so much delight, and pleasure, no more ? must we have the benefit of their instructions, and counsels, pray-

prayers, and tears no more? are they who a while ago were many ways useful to us now, in one single moment, become like to the Heathen Idols; which have Eyes, and See not; Ears and Hear not, Noses, and Smell not; a mouth, and Taste not; Hands, and Handle not; Feet, and Walk not; and have we not cause to mourn? what! can we see our dear friends, those whom we laid in our Bosoms, and Loved as our selves become the spoil, and triumph of our common Enemy, *Death*, and not weep! what! can we thrust a Wife, a Mother into a scanty Coffin; croud them into a narrow Grave without a Tear! *Solomon* tells us *there is a time to weep and a time to mourn*: is not such a time as this the season for both?

Eclef. 3. 4.

But tho' we may and ought to mourn; yet we Christians who are acquainted with that *life, and immortality which is brought to light by the Gospel*, should bound our grief, and moderate our funeral sorrows; especially with reference to such as died in Hope. How many with *Rachel* mourn for their Children, and will not be comforted, because they are not! how many upon such sad occasions abandon themselves,

2Tim. 1. 10.

selves to an obstinate sorrow ; lay the reins loose upon the neck of their headstrong passions, and then foolishly, cry out they cannot bridle them ! how many have weaken'd Nature, destroyed their Health, and hasten'd their own Death by excessive grief for that of another ! when these Waters swell too high, o'reflow the Bank, and threaten to Deluge us it is time to sink them. Now to check an immoderate sorrow what can be more useful and serviceable, more proper or powerful than to consider they *died in hope* ? may we not more easily, with more submission, and less reluctancy commit the Body to the Dust when we have ground to hope the Soul (which is by far the better part, and to which certainly we owe most love) is in Heaven ? may not Gods Grace, and Mercy to them before their departure ; abundantly comfort us after their dissolution ! we have more, infinitely more reason to groan, and weep (Lord ! forgive us we do not) over a wicked Relation *that is dead while he liveth* ; than 1 Tim. 5.6. over a godly Relation that lives tho' he dies. That wicked, profane son of thine who lives to thy shame, and Gods dishonour calls for more Tears ; than thy godly,

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ly, and religious Son who is dead, i. e. gone from his *Earthly* to his *Heavenly* Father. (a) *Do'st thou weep over the Body from which the Soul is gone? weep over that Soul from which God is departed.* (b) *Let us (saith another) lament sinners not only when they die; but while they live: but let us rejoice over the righteous not only while they live; but when they are dead.*

If we would not offend while we sorrow; if we would weep as if we wept not; let us seriously consider with what great, blessed and glorious hopes our Holy Relations died; and that now they are receiving the end of their *Faith and Hope*

1 Cor. 8. 30. *the Salvation of their Souls.* Cannot we behold the Pale, Wan, Castly, and Breathless Corps they have left behind, without wetting it with an immoderate shower of Tears? Can't we follow them to their long home; look into the deep, and dark, frightful and lonesome grave in which we must leave them, without

(a) *Luges Corpus a quo recessit anima? Luge animam à qua recessit Deus.* Aug. De Sanct. 13.

(b) *Πενθόμεν ἰὺς αἰματωλούς, μὴ ἀπαθνήσκοντες μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ ζῶντας: χαίρομεν δ' ἐπὶ τοῖς θάνατοις μὴ ζῶσι μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ τελευτήηροσι.* Chryl. in Phil. Hom. 3.

out an excess of sorrow? Let us look up and consider whither they are gone; what they now are, enjoy, and do; what employment, and society they have what rivers of pleasure they are drinking of, and what angelical joys they are now filled with. Is their Pilgrimage over, are they got to the end of their Journey? Are they gone home; and are they now with God? After many threatening storms, and tempests, many fears of shipwreck, and drowning, has Death safely landed them, and are they got well in to Harbour? Have they done their work, finished their course, and are they now receiving the reward? The reward they long pray'd, and waited for? Is their warfare accomplisht, their conflict with sin, and all the legions of darkness now over, and the crown obtain'd? Are they gone from this to a better World, to a World more holy, and happy, more quiet, and peaceable? Are they gone from Earth to Heaven? To Heaven where they long'd, wisht, and groan'd to be? To Heaven where their treasure, hearts, and hopes were long ago? To Heaven where there is all good and no evil; all that can be thought of, wisht, and desired to make up a compleat

pleat and entire happiness? Is their trial over, and their account delivered up with joy, and has God said, *Well done good and faithful Servants?* Have they exchanged Earth for Heaven; Sicknes for Health; Sorrow for Joy; pain for Ease; Trouble for Rest; Groans for Songs; Tears for Triumph, a State of Sin for a State of perfect Holiness? Are they past, for ever past those difficulties, and dangers, snares and temptations which we are liable to, and must encounter? Have they done wrestling and fighting; watching and striving; complaining and weeping? Are they gone to the true land of the living; and are they beyond the pain, the fear, the possibility of dying any more for ever? Are they gone from a Sick-bed, a Crazy Body, an house of Clay, a Tabernacle of the Flesh that was always shaking, and tottering to a mansion in their Fathers house, to a City that hath foundations, whose Builder and maker is God? Are they gone to their own countrey, and their own People? To God the Judge of all, to Christ the Mediator of the new Covenant; to an innumerable company of Angels, and the Spirits of just men made perfect. Have they the Beatifical vision, the ravishing sight of the Man Christ Jesus

ful in all his glory? Are they in Heaven, and are they glad they are? Without the least thought, wish, or desire to return to this wretched Earth of ours again? Did they run their Christian race with holy patience, and constancy, and have they won the prize? Are they reaping the fruit of all their prayers, and tears, religious duties, and holy endeavours? Are our departed Relations who t'other day were weeping, sinning, and suffering with us; now sate down with *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Confessors, and Martyrs* in the Kingdom of God above? Did they live in the fear, die in the favour of God, and shall they rise in his love? Did they live in comfort, and at last die in peace? Are their Souls gone to Heaven, and does their Flesh rest in hope? And is not this enough, and more than enough to check an intemperate sorrow? Can we as it were hear the separated Soul of one whom we lov'd, knew and conversed with a while ago; or of one who was related to us in the flesh, upon its first arrival at yonder blessed World, with wonder and admiration crying out; *Glorious Sight! Blessed Company! Happy Place! Where am I? What a change is this?*

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*What Musick do I hear? Is this Heaven Incomparable place! Is this glorious Mansion for me? Admirable grace! Must I be with God, and Christ; and be with them for ever? Unspeakable Happiness! Must I O ye Holy Angels; and glorified Spirits, be one of your Number? Excellent Company! But in this Heaven? Is this the Heaven I heard of so often? What I was told (Alas! poor mortals do not know what Heaven is) was not one half of what I now find. Is this Heaven? Am I in it? must I be here for ever? Glory to thee O God the Father for preparing it: Glory to thee O God the Son for purchasing it: Glory to thee O God the Holy Ghost for preparing me for Heaven. And yet immoderately weep at the thoughts of his departure?.*

Had they hope on a death-bed, and are they now in possession of all they hoped for, and have not we more cause to weep for our selves who are left behind, than for them who are gone? have not we more reason to wish? Lord! that my work were done, my Soul prepared, and my Account ready that I might be gone! than wish oh that I had my Wife! my Father, my Mother again! we that are Christians design Heaven; Heaven

is



s the blessed Port we are bound for, and shall we repine and grieve that our holy Relations are safely Landed before us? Is this our love to 'em? oh what abundant provision has God made for the support of his people under such afflictive Providences? And what relief might we have during the days of our mourning from these and the like considerations? And Thanks be to God we upon whom Death has lately made a breach, have this to comfort us. Concerning this Relation of ours, and *Servant of God* I will not say any thing: the secrecy she always affected, and my relation to her forbids me to blow the Trumpet at the mouth of her Grave. She is Dead; dead! She is *fallen asleep in Jesus*; the Will of the Lord is done: God grant that I in particular, and the rest she has left behind, who a while ago had a *loving, careful, and tender Mother*, but now have none may SO Live, and SO Die. For *blessed* Rev. 14. 13. *are the Dead which die in the Lord: they rest from their Labours; and their Works do follow them.*

THE END.

11. 3. 1961.



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DEATH-BED  
**R**eflections.

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# DEATH-BED Reflections:

Suitable to the preceding

## DISCOURSE,

And Proper for a RIGHTEOUS MAN  
in his Last Sickness.

### I.

*This World, and all in it is changeable; Man in particular is so. Death is certain, and unavoidable. What is to be done by a Righteous Man in his Sickness, supposing it to be his last.*

**A**LL things under the Sun are subject to change; and what is so, sooner, or later will have an end.

THIS World, and the fashion thereof; and all that is in it, is passing away. 1 Cor. 7. 31.  
God is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. Heb 13. 7.

ever : but nothing else is, or can be so. Nothing here below is like a Mountain, which cannot be moved by those mighty, and sportive Waves which beat and dash against it; but like a Feather, which is driven hither, and thither, with the smallest Breath. This World of ours ( tho' vain Mortals are foolishly fond of, and excessively dote upon it: ) as it had a BIRTH; so it shall have a FUNERAL day : the World's Morning and Noon is past; and the Evening is at hand. All

2. Pet. 3. 11. *these things shall be dissolv'd*, Nature groan, die, and give up the Ghost : Lord ! how quickly shall the Angel lift up his hand, and swear by him that liveth for ever, and ever, that time shall be no more ! the old World was drowned with *Water* : this shall be destroyed, or refined by *Fire*; tho' according to his promise, we look for *New Heavens and a new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness*.

v. 6.

v. 7.

v. 13.

In this mutable World nothing is more fickle, and inconstant ; frail and uncertain ; vain, and changeable than Man, and what belongs to, and makes up his Earthly happiness. How uncertain are Riches ! may they not *make themselves Wings, and fly away* ; and have they not often done so ? may not what we have been toiling, labouring, and sweating for, many years, be gone from us in a few hours ?

Tho'

Prov. 23. 5

Tho' Riches and Wealth Descend from Father to Son ; yet how oft doth Providence cut off the entail ; and he never enjoy what he was born to ? tho' a careful and provident Father may leave his Son a fair Estate, and a good Inheritance ; he may live in want, and die a Begger, and not leave enough to buy a Coffin, and purchase a Grave: some unhappy accident or other may strip him naked, before death does.

How uncertain is health, and strength without which all other comforts are insipid ! if I am strong one day ; may I not be weak the next ? if I am well in the morning ; may I not be sick before evening ? if I am at ease to day ; may I not be rackt, tortur'd, and pain'd to morrow ? Lord ! *when thou with rebukes correctest man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity.* All these changes are but melancholy presages of, and preparatory to our great, and last : when we shall be changed from living Dust, into breathless Clay. *There is a time to die.* Psal. 39. 11.

Since the first Age ; the first Man *Adam*, Eccl. 3. 2. death has been reigning, and yet death is not satisfied ; nor the Grave yet glutted with Carkasses. This Earth oft changes  
its

Eccle. 1. 4. its Inhabitants : *one Generation comes, and another goes* : our Ancestors moulder into Dust, croud closer together, and at length become Graves to bury us. LIFE ! what is it ? A shadow which quickly vanishes ; a Vapour which suddenly disappears ; a Flower that fades ; and Grass which quickly withers and dies. LIFE ! what is it ? a Candle that lies at the mercy of every stormy and blustering Wind ; a Lamp that burns a while, but will go out for want of Oil, to maintain the languishing and expiring flame. If we search the Records of the Grave we shall find as many proofs, and witnesses of our mortality, as there are rotten Bones and Skulls. How many Infants are only born, live, weep, and die ! So that even *out of the Mouths of these Babes, and Sucklings* we may learn this sad, and certain truth ; *a time to die*. How many young Men has Death mowed down in the Morning ! how many of these has the cold hand of Death undrest before Evening ; and laid them to sleep in a Bed of Dust even at Noon-day, and do not they cry in the Ears of the living ; *there is a time to die* ? Does not every Fever that scorches us ; every fit of the Stone, Gout, and Cholick that puts us on the Rack ; every Ague that shakes the Walls, and loofens the Pins of this Earthly Tabernacle ;

Psal. 8. 2.



bernacle ; every Dropſie that threatens to Drown us ; every Palfie that benum's ; every Lethargy that lulls us aſleep repeat over this melancholy , and awakening truth ; *There is a time to die ? verily O my Soul ! every Man in his beſt eſtate is altogether vanity.*

What is true concerning all, and every one of *Adam's* Poſterity ; Lord ! help me to apply to my ſelf in particular : to believe, conſider, weigh, and work upon my Heart this common truth ; *I muſt die.* Let me not only have ſome general, notional, and ſpeculative knowledge ; but a particular, ſerious, warm, and practical one ; a knowledge that may be uſeful, and ſerviceable to the beſt purpoſes ; a knowledge that may awe my Conſcience, warm my Soul, and powerfully influence my Heart and Life. It is impoſſible to be ignorant of this : but Lord ! how cold, unactive, dull, and ineffectual were all thoughts of this kind when I was well, and ſtrong ! oh that they may make more powerful, and abiding impreſſions upon my Heart, now I am ſick, and weak !

Theſe very pains I now feel ; this diſeaſe, this preſent affliction which makes me ſigh, and groan ; this ſickneſs which I ſuppoſe will be my *laſt* tell me, *I muſt die ;* and call upon me to prepare for ſuch a  
time

time that now cannot be far off. Lord, help me in this my great, and last work! oh that sense and feeling might help my Faith! this fire warm my Heart; and what I now feel, prepare me for my last pains, pangs, and conflicts, which are like to be much sharper! I have visited others, some of them my near and dear Relations in their sickness; I have seen them sick, weak, and full of pain; I have seen their cold sweats, their mortal tremblings, and heard their last and dying groans; and now it's my turn to be sick, and my time to die. Die! how hard, and difficult a work is this! of what great concern, and everlasting importance! Die! who does, or can know what it imports but those who are dead, and gone? I thought it hard to see my Friend, my Father, my Mother dye; but shall I not find it more difficult now I am to dye my self? the Messenger of Death has laid hold on me; I believe this sickness will be my *last*; I have no hope of recovery: I have been sick, and God hath recover'd me; at the Mouth of the Grave, and God hath brought me back; I have gone from my Sick-bed and Chamber to my Shop and Trade; but now I verily believe I shall do so no more: my Sun is setting; my Glass is run, there are but a few remaining Sands; the Grave  
with

with open mouth is waiting for me, and in a little time I shall drop into it. Most Holy Lord, assist me now, and leave me not; through thy Grace I have lived; help me, Lord, help me now to dye as a Christian: in these hours, and moments prepare me more and better for my last. I have lived Rom. 14.8.  
 ro, oh that now I might die in the Lord; Rev. 14.13.  
 and fall asleep in Jesus!

Preparation for Death, Judgment, and an Eternal World (thanks be to God) I have not neglected: I did not in health adjourn this work to a time of sickness; in order to this I have made many a Prayer, shed many a Tear, abstain'd from sin, and crucified the Flesh: I spent much of my time in trying my self, searching my Heart, and examining my State; in repenting of, and amending what I found amiss: I was convinc'd a few death-bed Tears, and languishing Prayers extorted by fears of Death, and Hell would not make amends; or be a sufficient compensation for the sins of a wicked Life, and therefore through the Grace of God assisting me, I made it the business of my Life to prepare to dye. But something more is to be done, that I may glorify God in my Death; and be for ever happy after it: what remains, and is now to be done in this my last sickness, instruct me Lord!  
 and

and help me to do it. I now stand at the Mouth of the Grave, upon the Threshold of Time, and at the Door of Eternity; Lord! increase, strengthen, and quicken all those Graces which are proper to be acted in a time of sickness, and on a death-bed. Oh! that now I am a sick; oh! that now I am a dying man, my Faith, Love, and Hope; my Repentance, Humiliation, and Sorrow; my desires, and breathings after God; my joy, and delight in him may be more lively and active than ever? oh that this last work of my Life may be done best! my sick bed joys may be the greatest; and my dying comforts most abundant! through these painful hours, and days; this dark, and narrow, gloomy, and frightful passage guide, direct, and lead me *Lord!*

The exercise of some graces, the performance of some duties are peculiarly seasonable in a time of health and life; and others are so in Sickness and at Death: Thou hast helpt me to live, and now Lord help me to die.

If I have made any preparation for such a time, and hour as this; If I have done any of the work of my Life, and conversed in this World as an expectant of a better; if I have any grace, and at any time have been able to act it; if my  
love

love has been burning, my zeal flaming, my heart softened, humbled, broken, and melted, and mine eyes a fountain of tears to bewail the slips, and falls I have been guilty of; if I have delighted in God, through Christ as my reconciled Father, Portion, Happiness, and End; if I have exercised self-denial, in keeping under the flesh, restraining its appetites, and denying its cravings; in contemning the World, and slighting those adored vanities which bewitch, charm and in-tangle so many; if at any time my hope of Heaven hath been lively, my longing, panting, and breathing after it strong, and warm; if I have mortified any sin, resisted any temptation, performed any duty with success, so as to profit my self and please God; if I have done any thing whereby the glory, honour, and interest of God and Christ has been advanced; if I have imployed, improved my talents, and gained more; if I have brought forth fruit, done any work, and service in my generation, and place, Lord! it is owing to thee; to the assistances of thy grace, and the influences of thy Holy Spirit, and I desire to acknowledge it is so; saying with thy holy Apostle, *by the grace of God I am what I am: Not I but the* 1Co. 15. 10.  
*grace of God which was with me.* Oh for  
the

the same grace, and mercy; aid, and help now I am a sick, and dying man! Oh that God would help me in these painful days, and sorrowful hours to glorify him yet more, by doing the work which is proper to such a time; that my present sickness, and death may be for the glory of God, the honour of Religion, the good of my self, and others!

Particularly, help me *Lord*, to be truly thankful for all thy mercies; for those innumerable favours confer'd on such a worm, such a wretch as I am; bring them to my remembrance, and enable me unfeignedly to bless thee, help me, O my God, to exercise a serious, solemn, and particular repentance for my past sins: 'Let, Oh! let this heart of mine be more humble, broken, and penitent than ever. Finally, help me *Lord*, with patience and calmness, submission, and resignation to submit to thy holy will; to be willing to die *now*: with faith, and hope, trust, and confidence to commit my Soul to the care of my dear, and blessed Jesus. And to these ends *Lord*! bless the following meditations to me; and let neither my Eye, nor Tongue outrun, or leave my Heart behind.

II.

*God's goodness is to be acknowledged; though he afflicts us at present. An enumeration of past mercies, temporal and Spiritual: And solemn thanksgiving for both.*

God is good, and doth good, freely, constantly, and unweariedly; and I am fully convinced of both: My faith, and reason prove the former; my very sense, and long experience the latter: And though now I am sick, and weak, afflicted, and pained, though I feel the weight of his hand, and the smarting of his rod, neither Flesh nor Devil shall persuade me to think otherwise. Though he afflicts me *now*, yet hath he not done me good all my days; and shall not I bless him for his mercies? Mercies, that are more than I can number; greater than I can value; and far beyond my deserts. Shall the afflictions of a few days, the pains of a few hours make me, *O my Soul!* forget, slight, or be unthankful for the mercies of many? For the mercies of my whole life? Oh how evil, and criminal would this be! my flesh is pain'd, my affliction great, my sick-bed uneasie, and the hand of God presseth me sore; my  
N tears,

tears, and sorrows ; my innocent groans, which I hope are only the voice of oppressed nature pierce the hearts, and draw tears from the eyes of my dear Relations; but yet *O my Soul!* I charge thee by all that is solemn, and sacred, let there not be a murmuring thought, a repining word, or any peevish carriage. Remember, remember the *days of Old* ; the mercies of former times, and be thankful : Thy God hath been good, is, and will be so, and be thou **ALL LOVE** and **PRAISE**.

Pf. 139. 16.

1 Cor. 15. 8.

Was it not God who form'd, and fashion'd me in the Womb ; and brought me forth into the light, with an entire, and perfect body ? *Were not all my members written in his book,* and did not he watch over my substance, while it was yet imperfect, and did not he take care I should not be *born out of due time* ? Was it not he who appointed when, where, and of whom I should be born ; and did not he order all the circumstances of my birth in the best manner ? When I was a poor helpless infant, when I hung on my Mothers breast, and lay in my cradle did not he take the care of me ? Did not his providence watch over me in my Childhood, and prevent many unknown, and unseen dangers ; Did not he in my youth keep



keep me from the many evils, which in that ungoverned age I was exposed to, and might have brought upon my self? Has not his careful eye been upon me, from my first moments even until now; *how pretious are thy thoughts unto me* O God! *How great is the sum of them!* Ps. 139. 17.

Was it not of God I had the happiness to be born of Religious Parents, who set before me a good example, wept over, and prayed for me? That I had seasonable instructions, wholesome counsels, and the benefit of a vertuous education in my first, and early years? Was it not he, that restrained, and with-held me from those sins, and lusts which many are overtaken withal, and I my self was in danger of in that age of folly and vanity? Hath not he fed, and cloathed, provided for, and defended me? Been my refuge in a storm; my sanctuary in a time of danger; my deliverer in an evil day; and my Physitian in sickness? How oft hath he brought me out of the fiery furnace; raised me from a sick-bed, renewed my strength and saved me from going down to the pit, when in my own, and others apprehension I was at the mouth of, and ready to drop into it! hath not he supplied my wants, increased my

substance, blest my endeavours, and given me a considerable portion of this Worlds goods? Is it not of him I have Friends, and Relations to be a comfort to me; while others have none, or such as are worse than none; even a cross, and a scourge to them? Hath not his Arm upheld; his power defended; his mercy succoured; his bounty supplied; his treasures enriched me? Hath not his providence been ever watchful over me; and his holy Angels my constant, and perpetual life-guard? When in my affliction, and pain I have cryed to him; hath he not heard my groans, regarded my tears, answered my prayers in the fittest season, and best manner; eased or supported me; removed my burden, or given me strength; and so ordered the affliction from first to last, that I have been forc't to say, *Lord, it is good for me I have been afflicted?*

Psal. 119.  
71.

I have not only had the mercies of the left hand, but those of the right; not only temporal, but Spiritual; not only for a perishing body, but more, and greater for an immortal Soul. Thanks be to God, that he *quickened, and raised me* when I was *dead in Trespasses, and Sins*; that he brought me to hear his Holy word, and made it effectual for my conviction

Eph. 2. 1.

viſion, and conversion; that the ſame word which was to others the *ſavour of Death unto Death*; to me, *was the ſavour of Life to Life*: That the ſame Word, the ſame Bleſſed Goſpel which blinded them, enlightned me; which left them in their ſins, and under the power of Satan, brought me home to God; for this thy ſpecial grace, and mercy to my Soul, Lord! I do, I will, and hope, I ſhall for ever bleſs thee. Who or what am I? What have I done, or what can I do? That I ſhould be choſen and effectually called, when others are not! Lord! Why didſt thou call, and convert me, and not another, *me*, and not my Neighbour, *me*, and not him who ſate in the ſame pew, heard the ſame Sermon, and for many years attended upon the ſame miniſtry? Free grace! diſtinguiſhing mercy! differencing love!

Am I converted, changed, ſanctified and pardon'd? Lord, I do, I will admire, and adore thy powerful, and victorious grace. Awake, *O my Soul!* awake, prepare a ſong; Oh love and bleſs, and praiſe thy God.

I was an Apoſtate wretch, a ſtubborn enemy, a diſloyal Rebel, and it was a long time before I would lay down my

weapons, return to my duty, and yield; patience waited, mercy invited, ministers exhorted, the Spirit pleaded, conscience urged, God expostulated with yearning bowels, the Blessed Jesus called to me from Heaven, and beseeched me by his wounds, and tears, blood-shed, passion, and death to be reconciled to God, but I (vile wretch that I was!) did not hear. How many reproofs, and counsels; warnings, and exhortations; earnest pleadings, and pathetick Sermons were lost upon me? And blessed be God all were not; that one did the work. Did God convert me after many Sabbaths enjoyed, and many Sermons heard in vain? Infinite kindness! *Lord!* I bow, and worship before thee; and with all the powers of my immortal Spirit bless, and praise thee. Was it not God pityed me, when I did not pity my self? Who called after, and stopt me when I was running head-long to Hell? Who loosed my chains, broke my bonds, knockt off my fetters, and brought me out of the House of bondage? Was it not he who with a mighty power, and stretched-out arm delivered, and rescued me; when sin ruled, and govern'd, and Satan led me in triumph as his vassal, and captive? And shall not I though a sick, and pained

man adore, and bless him? Bless him! I do, I will. *Bless the Lord, O my Soul: And all that is within me, bless his holy Name.* Ps. 103. 2.

Since my Conversion, and becoming a new man; since God took me into his family, adopted, and made me his Son how much, and what great things have been done for me! what sweet, and ravishing Communion have I had in holy duties, publick, and private; in the assembly of Saints, and in my Closet! what large, speedy, and remarkable answers of Prayer! what a ravishing sense of Divine Love, and Favour! what holy motions; and breathings; what enlivening, quickening, and comforting influences of the Holy Spirit have I had? how oft hath God supported my drooping, and reviv'd my dying Spirits; answered my doubts, expell'd my fears, and treated me as a Friend, nay, more, as a Son! how hath God in mercy restrained the Tempter, or wisely ordered the Temptation; as to the nature, strength, and continuance of it! what succour, and support; what strength, and assistance have I experienc'd at such a time; and how oft through Grace have I been more than a Conquerour! when I sinn'd and fell God did not cast me off, banish me his family, and null the former Rela-

tion; but pittied *me* a faln Christian: when he heard my groans, and saw my penitential Tears; his Bowels yearned, he took me up, and embraced me in the Arms of his Mercy; wiped my weeping Eyes, comforted my sorrowful Heart, and said, *Son, be of good chear, thy sins are forgiven thee.* Oh! the joy, oh! the unspeakable joy of that hour! methinks, I yet sensibly feel what lively, and warm impressions those words made upon my Heart; upon my Heart, that the moment before was ready to sink, and dye within me: when I was covered with Tears, Blushing, and Shame; when I lay sighing, sobbing, and groaning at his Foot-stool; crying out in the bitterness of my Soul, I have sinned, I have sinned; before I rose from my knees, before I said *Amen*, my God came, and said, I have pardoned, I have pardoned, and now go in peace. For the mercy, and kindness of that hour, *Lord!* I bless thee now.

When through the weakness of my Grace, the strength of my Corruptions, and the power of Temptation I have wandered, and gone astray; when my zeal has abated, my affections been cooled, when I have been remiss, negligent, and careless, back-sliding, and on the declining hand, he sent some affliction, or other to call

call me back, to awaken, warm, quicken, and recover me. When I have loved the World too much, and my God too little; when my affection to Earth has been too warm, and to Heaven too cold; when duties have been neglected, or performed without life, vigour, and zeal; when I begun to be too Worldly, Earthly, and Sensual he suffered me to meet with disappointments, took away part of my Estate, snatcht away a bosom Friend, a dear Relation, filled my Body with pain, shook me over the Grave, and threatned to cast me into it; and all this with a merciful design to reform, and make me better. And *Lord*, I thank thee any afflictions have been sanctified to such an end; that the voice of the Rod has been accompanied with that of thy Spirit, and both were effectual to reclaim me; that at any time I came out of the fire more refin'd, and purg'd; and that those Waters of Affliction washt away my filthiness. *Lord* I can, do, and will bless thee for seasonable corrections, and the discipline of thy Rod.

So good, and kind; so liberal, and bountiful; so merciful, and gracious hath God been to me: I have had so much for Body, and Soul; for time, and eternity that I am fill'd with wonder, and must cry out, Oh the *height, and depth, length, and breadth,*  
of

of the love of God! my mercies have been more than my moments; and every single mercy deserves, and calls for a Psalm of Praise. *Lord*, when I am dead, and in a silent Grave I cannot praise thee; and therefore now I will: blessed be God, I lived till I was born again; that ever I heard of that sweet, that blessed, that charming name JESUS; and that I was enabled to believe on him; for all the Mercies I have had in this World, and for the hope, and prospect of more, and better in the next. Blessed be God for Pardoning Mercy, Sanctifying Grace, and the Blood of Jesus to wash, and cleanse *me*, a sinner. Blessed be God for the supports, and comforts I have in this sickness; that Satan is restrain'd, and my own corruptions curb'd; Blessed be God I am made meet for Heaven, and that I know I am: *Lord*! what Grace is thine? how free, and sovereign! What love is thine? how constant, and matchless! how sweet, how exceeding sweet is the thought, that God hath loved, doth love me, and will do so unto the End! I'll bless thee, *Lord*, while I live; thank thee, with my last Breath; and O my God, through Christ, thy Son, and my Saviour accept my dying praises. Bless the Lord O my Soul, bless the Lord for *me* O my Friends: bless the Lord O ye his Holy



Holy Angels : my single voice is not sufficient. may every Tongue, all breath praise his holy name ! *Amen*, HALLELUJAH.

III.

*After Death cometh Judgment : what an awakening Thought this is, and ought to be. How this Thought may, and should be improved by us in our last Sickness, particularly, to put us upon Confession, the exercise of Repentance, and earnest Prayer to God for Pardoning Mercy.*

**SICKNESS** Summons Men to die;  
**Death** Summons them to Judgment.  
 May this Sickness be my last, and do I suppose it will ? hearken O my Soul ! and thou may'st hear Deaths Voice : *Come unto the Bar; come give an account of thy Self to God; in the NAME of the ETERNAL GOD, whose Servant, and Messenger I am, I cite thee, O Man, to make thine appearance before the Tribunal of thy Maker, Sovereign, and Judge in the other World. Awful Tidings ! what awakening, and startling words are these ! must I O my Soul ! quickly Dye, and after that be Judg'd ? go from my Death-bed to the Bar of an Infinitely Holy, Just, and Jealous God ? must my*  
 Life

Life be examined? all my Actions scanned? and my everlasting state in that moment, be determined? must a Righteous, and Irreversible Doom pass upon me? must I Dye in *one* moment, and in the *next* be Judg'd? and shall not I search my ways, examine my state, take a survey of my Heart and Life, before I pass to that final and irreversible Judgment; and hold up these guilty hands of mine at God's Tribunal? shall I not endeavour to know what has been amiss, that I may confess, be humbled for, repent of it, and beg pardon? *Lord*, help me a sick, *Lord*, for Jesus sake, help me a dying man in this serious, solemn work: help me to find out my sins, to repent; and implore thy mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ, who is my only hope in Life, at Death, and after Death.

I was born a sinner, and came into the World guilty and polluted: *behold, I was*  
 Psal. 51. 5. *shapen in iniquity: and in sin did my Mother conceive me.* As I am a Child of Apostate Adam (dreadful thought!) I am unlike to the Holy and Blessed God, and resemble the Devil, the worst of Beings; and had I no other sin, this were enough to shame, confound, silence, and condemn me. But alas! have I not found this original sin active in my Heart, and fruitful  
 in

in my Life? with what force, and violence has it hurried me to the commission of sin! oh, what cursed streams has this bitter Fountain been sending forth! how much, how often, and how greatly have I offended God! what one Commandment is there, I have not broken in thought, word, or deed! my sins are more than can be numbred; and how many Legions of Lusts are quartered in my Heart! *oh, that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I might weep day, and night!* Jer. 9. 1.

Did I not once *O my Soul!* live as without God in the World? how many, and great were the sins of my unregenerate state! what a sinner! Lord, what a vile sinner was I then! were not all the faculties of my Soul, and Members of my Body the Instruments of Unrighteousness unto sin? Did not sin sit in the Throne, sway the Scepter? and had it not the entire, quiet, and peaceable possession of my Heart? Was not I a willing Slave, an obedient Servant, and a Volunteer in any wicked service, was I not at the beck of every Lust, the will of every Temptation, and did not Satan carry me captive at his pleasure? during that wretched state, how did I forget God, and my self; Eternity, and another World; thwart the design of  
my

my Creation; and cross the end of my being made a Man? Was I not sensual, carnal, and earthly; a stranger to an Holy, Heavenly Life; without any delight in God, desire after, or care to please him? did I not run into Sin, as the Horse rushes into the Battle without any fear? how long? O my Soul! how long was I a grief to that blessed Jesus, who wept, and sweet, bled, groan'd, and died for me! how did I despise his Grace, slight his Love, his dying Love; spurn at his Bowels, and trample on his Blood? with what sweet, and endearing; melting, and charming language, did he plead with me! he called, but I did not answer; he pleaded, but I was not moved; his Bowels yearned, but my Heart did not relent, how oft did the Holy Spirit move and work upon my Heart? and how oft did I resist, vex, quench, and grieve him! how oft was my Conscience awakened? and how soon did it fall asleep again! *Holy Lord, I blush, I am ashamed, and confounded to look back upon this part of my life: I weep, Lord, I weep, I desire to weep bitterly for the sins of my unconverted state: I wish again, Oh, that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I might weep day and night!*

How many, and great have been my sins since my Conversion to, and acquaintance with God? How oft have I fallen, to the dishonour of God, the discredit of Religion, the wounding of my self, and grieving of others! how many duties have been neglected; and how many carelessly performed? in a cold, lazy, and trifling manner! how many of my Talents, which might have been improved for the Glory of God, my own comfort, and the good of others, have been wrapped up in a Napkin, and buried in the Earth! how weak is every Grace? and how much evil is mixt with all my good! how oft, letting down my Spiritual Watch, has Satan surpriz'd me, and Temptation prevail'd! how much have I conformed to the World, complied with the sinful customs, and fashions of it! how much have I lived contrary to my Profession; and below my hopes as a Christian! what a slow progress have I made in the ways of Holiness, how many younger Christians have outstript, got the start of, and are gone before me! nay, have I not shamefully declin'd, and backsliden, and lost much of my first love, zeal, and tenderness? how frequent, and strong have been the workings of Spiritual Sins; as unbelief, pride, passion, envy, and uncharitableness, &c. Lord! how many

ny have been the sins of this state ? and how are they aggravated by all that love, and mercy thou hast shewn to me ; and the long experience I have had of thy bounty and goodness ? Art thou my God, and have I affronted ? my Father, and have I displeased thee ? have I by these sins wounded that Redeemer who died for me ? grieved that Holy Spirit who has comforted me ? ah sinful, silly Soul ! what hast thou been doing ? what an hearty sorrow, and unfeigned grief do these sins call for ? I mourn, *Lord*, help me to mourn more : thou hast given me the habit of Repentance ; give me now in this evening of my Life to act, and exercise it. Oh, for a broken Heart, and a contrite Spirit ! oh, for inward shame, and hearty remorse ! oh for a melting frame, and a bleeding Soul ! oh, that this Rock might be broken, and this Heart be turned more, and more into an Heart of flesh !

My time is short, my strength little, my sins many and great ; *Lord* help me to live repenting, and die repenting ; to go to my grave weeping : Weeping not tears of despair, but tears of Gospel-sorrow, which make way for eternal joys. I do repent, *Lord* ! from the bottom of my Soul I do repent ; let my last repentance be most solemn, particular, and serious,

rious, and do thou accept it ! wash me in these penitential waters, and because these muddy waters can't cleanse ; wash me, Lord, wash me in the blood of Jesus for that can cleanse from all sin. O pardon, pardon a dying penitent, who confesses and acknowledges his sins, and flies to thy mercy through the merits of Christ !

*My sins are gone over mine head, as a burden they are too heavy for me. Sin is an heavy burden and intollerable ; but most of all so to a dying man. Look upon mine affliction, and forgive all my sins :* If I must weep with one eye, Lord let me read my pardon with the other. Psal. 38. 4.  
Psal. 119. 18.

I have deserved Hell, and if God should cast me into it ; I have forfeited Heaven, and if God should eternally banish me from that blessed place ; I must say, *Righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright is thy Judgment :* But save me from the one, and bring me to the other, for thy mercies sake. I find it is written, *He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy.* And again, *if we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.* Psal. 119. 137.  
Pro. 28. 13.  
1 John 1. 9.  
This I have done, this I will do, and shall I not obtain mercy ? I am ashamed, and confounded ; I loath, and abhor my  
O self ;

self ; I repent in dust and ashes ; I wish I had never done as I have ; were I to live over my life again, ( Divine grace assisting ) these Errata's should be corrected ; I do repent, and will not God pardon ? I do heartily mourn, and will not God forgive ? Oh for a pardon for Jesus sake ! mercy, mercy, Lord ! mercy for a dying sinner, who comes unto thee according to the tenor of the Gospel. The thing I ask is great, and I, sinful I, wretched I, am altogether unworthy ; but Christ is worthy : Lord, lo, here is the blood which bought my pardon, and it has been and is now crying in thine ears with a loud voice ; Lord, pardon, and save *yonder* penitent sinner, and shall my prayer backt with the pleadings of that blood be shut out ?

I have now but a little time, my glass is almost run, the day is far spent, the shadows of the evening are stretched out, the night will quickly come ; Lord, be not angry if I renew my request, urge thee with thy promise, and lie at thy foot till I obtain my pardon, and Conscience be enabled, and authorized to read it. I am miserable and without thy pity must be so for ever ; and Lord, I cannot, I will not take a denial : *I am  
shine*



*rhine, save me.* In this sickness I have Ps. 119 94.  
 been examining my heart, searching my  
 ways, and I have done it seriously, and  
 impartially; what sins I have found out  
 I heartily bewail: pardon these, and  
 those I have not. *Who can understand his* Ps. 19. 12.  
*Errors? Lord cleanse thou me from secret*  
*faults.*

Blessed Jesus! thou great friend,  
 and lover of Souls; from this my sick  
 and death-bed I look up to thee for help,  
 and mercy; Oh stand my friend *now*,  
 plead my cause *now*, and let me have the  
 pardon thy blood did purchase! thou didst  
 die for *me*, thou wast crucified for *me*,  
 and thy blood was shed for *me*, and *carest*  
*thou not if I now perish?* May thy Tears,  
Mark 4. 38.  
 Wounds, and Blood speak, and plead  
 for me; for I am sure they will be heard  
 if mine cannot! within a few days, with-  
 in a few hours, I must appear before an  
 Holy, Just, and Terrible God; and I  
 tremble, O *my Saviour!* I tremble to  
 think any one unpardoned sin should meet  
 me at that Tribunal: Oh, procure my  
 pardon for me before I die! if Satan  
 meet me there to accuse me, I know thou  
 wilt answer *him* and plead for *me*: But if  
 any one unpardoned sin meet me there,  
 it will condemn me, and I am lost, and  
 lost for ever.

I am not sinless, I have not perfectly obeyed the Law ; but I am not impenitent. To exercise repentance for my sin, has been my daily work ever since my first conversion ; and it has been so particularly in this present sickness. My heart hath been turned from the love of sin, and now I loath it more than ever ; there's nothing troubles, afflicts, and grieves me so much as sin ; vile sin, cursed sin ! thou hast cost me more tears, sighs, and groans than all my pains have done. I Repent, I Repent, Lord, I do repent ; Oh ! pity, and spare, spare, and pardon, pardon and love, love, and save me for ever.

*Have mercy upon me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies ; and blot out all my sin. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed*

*Psalm 32. 1, 2. is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity. Blessed ! he, and only he is the blessed man ; though he be a poor man, a pained man, a sick man, a dying man, yet he is a blessed man : Oh, that this blessedness might be mine ! I am now sick, and I have no hope of recovery ; my body grows weaker, and weaker, and nature sensibly decays ; this earthly Tabernacle shakes, and it will quickly tumble, Death, Pale, and Grim Death is posting towards me ; I am near unto eter-*

*nity ;*

nity; but I cannot die, I dare not step into the other unseen Eternal World without a pardon. Believing, *O my God*, that word of thine, that word, which to me is of more worth than a thousand Worlds; *Let the wicked forsake his way; and the unrighteous man his thoughts: And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.* I beg, and through the mediation of thy Christ, and my Jesus, will expect the pardon of all my sins. Let it be unto me according to thy word, in which thou hast caused thy Servant to hope! *Amen.*

IV.

*Of submission to the Divine will as to the time of our Death: Many reasons to persuade to such an holy frame, and resigning temper. Objections Answered. Suitable Petitions. The Triumph and last work of FAITH.*

**I** am now on my last bed, this sickness for ought I do, or can understand, will be unto Death: The warrant is issued out, the commission sealed, I am a dying man; every moment that passeth away, every clock that strikes, every  
 O 3                      breath

breath I draw, every pulse that beats tells me death is near at hand; and having given thanks to God for all his mercies; having unfeignedly repented of all my sin, and begged pardon in the name, and through the blood of Jesus, and having now some hope and assurance of it; what have I further to do? What becomes me as a Christian, as a righteous man, that hath hope of great and glorious things beyond the grave, but to submit to the divine good pleasure, and saying, *Thewill*  
 Acts 21.14. *of the Lord be done?* What language becomes such an one but this? O Lord who art the fountain of Life to all thy Creatures, I am thine, to live, or die, when, and as thou wilt; thou gavest me my Life, and it is fit thou shouldst take it from me when thou wilt, and as thou pleasest, I submit to thy will, obey thy summons, and I would not live a day, an hour, a moment longer than God would have me. God hath ordered the various circumstances of my Life in the best manner; things have been much better with me, than if I had been left to my own will and choice; and I leave it to this wise, and good God to order the circumstances of my Death. To die now, may be better for me than to live longer, and if infinite wisdom judge it so, I will readily comply, and chearfully put off this Earthly Tabernacle. Submissive language!

guage ! happy frame ! blessed temper ! thus it ought to be with all ; but alas ! how few attain to this ! nay, how do the most even of Christians come far short of it ! how willing are they to live, how loth to die ? how extremely desirous to stay here, how loath to depart ? how passionately desirous to have a new lease granted, when the old one is expiring and almost out ? For one that in good earnest says, I long, I long to die ; I am willing *even now* to be dissolved ; how many with tears in their eyes cry, not yet, Lord, not yet, *Oh spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more.* Ps. 39. 13.

Thus, with shame, and sorrow must I confess it hath been with me ; but in this my present sickness, Lord, help me to overcome my fears of Death ; wean me from this vain World ; mortify my fond affection to this present Life ; and oh ! raise, and quicken in me, holy, earnest desires after a better. *Holy Paul had a desire to depart and be with Christ ;* Oh that Phil. 1. 23. now it might be so with me ! let me be able to say, Lord, I accept the punishment of my sin, I kiss the rod, lie at thy foot, submit to thy holy pleasure, and am entirely willingly to die *now*, if thou think it best and most convenient, my slavish fears of

O 4                      Death

Death have been a pleasure to Satan, a torment to my Self, a dishonour to God, a blemish to my Profession, a disgrace to my Hopes, Lord ! at last help me to overcome them. Oh ! that I could passionately long that Death would come and waite me over to *yonder* pure, and blessed, undefiled, and eternal Regions ! while I am so excessively fond of this vain, sinful, and wretched life ; while I stand trembling, and shivering on the confines of time, and am loth to enter into a blessed Eternity ; how may all the Inhabitants above wonder at my folly ? Oh that my Faith, Love, and Hope might be increas'd, and strengthened, that I might pant, and long, with desire, and groan to be in Heaven !

What abundant reason, *O my Soul !* have I to be willing to dye, and dye *now*, if God so please ? have I not met with those crosses, and disappointments ; with those troubles, and miseries which are sufficient to wean me ? have I been tossed on the Waves, driven by the Winds, endangered by many a Storm, and should I not rejoice I can see Land, and am so near a quiet Harbour ? how oft, upon the account of Temptations from Satan, Afflictions from God ; the Rebukes of his Providence, the Hidings of his Face, and the withdrawings of his Spirit, have I complain'd

plain'd, groan'd, and wept ! and shall I be unwilling to have my burdens removed, my sorrows ended, and all Tears wiped from mine Eyes ? is not the World mine Enemy, and has it not really been unkind to me ? and shall I be loth to leave it ? amazing folly ! if I should live longer, even till the *Almond does flourish*, to extream old Age, should I not be unprofitable to others, and a burden to my self, and only an insignificant Cipher among my Fellow Creatures ? is it not better for me to die now ; than to live till the World is weary of me, and I am weary of my self too ?

Eccl. 12. 5.

Am I not *O my Soul !* a Stranger, and Pilgrim upon Earth ? am I not born from above, and do I not belong to another Countrey ? and should not my temper be suitable to my character ; that is, should I not be weary of my Pilgrimage, and long to be at home ? are not Strangers and Pilgrims wont to be so ? our Journey ( say they ) is long and tedious, oh that we were at home ! in our own Countrey, among our own People, and Kindred ! a stranger that hath a Journey to go, would pass over it as soon as he can ; his thoughts mind, and heart are set upon home, and he longs to be there ; notwithstanding the conveniences and accommodations of his Inn, the pleasantness of the Countrey, &c.

yet,

yet he longs to be at home. And shall I desire to be a *wandering Pilgrim* in this World, when I might, and God would have me be a *settled Inhabitant* in the other? oh! how becoming my character is it, to send sighs, groans, and prayers, as Harbingers to Heaven to tell my God I would fain be there. Why do I not cry out? here, Woe is me! I am a stranger, and sojourner when shall I come to my own Countrey, my Eternal Home, to my Elder Brethren, and Spiritual Kindred! many are gone before, and I follow after, but blessed Jesus when shall I come to thee! my God, my Saviour, my Hope, my Treasure, my Happiness, my All, is in another Countrey, oh, that I were there too! how should the hardships, and difficulties; the ill usage, and sorry entertainment, I meet with in my Pilgrimage make me long for home; and willing to go whenever my Heavenly Father sends for me!

Have I not *O my Soul!* been pestered with sin all my life long? has it not cost me many a sigh, and groan, tear, and prayer? how oft have I offended my God, displeased my Father, grieved my Redeemer, wounded my Conscience, and defiled my Heart! and if I live longer, shall I not sin more? is there any hope sin will dye, till I do? and can I bear the Thought that  
I



I should for so many years yet to come, offend so good a God? hath not *this* flesh been a snare to me? and *this* body an instrument of much evil? and shall I be loth to put it off? is not sin my heaviest burden, my forest Enemy? have I not often said so, and often cried out? *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the Body of this Death?* and shall I be unwilling to be delivered *now*? Criminal Hypocrisie! hath not sin defiled all my powers and faculties, wounded my Conscience, harden'd my Heart, damp't my joy, disquieted my mind, disturbed my peace, and brought many an affliction upon my Body? hath it not eclipsed the light of Gods Countenance, and caused my God and Father; my Redeemer, and Saviour to stand afar off? and shall I not be willing to dye *now*, that I may sin no more? Rom. 7.23.

Have not I *O my Soul!* been designing Heaven, and Praying for Heaven? what is the end of all my Sacred Duties, Holy Services, and Religious Worship, but that I may be Saved, and get to Heaven? and is God calling me to Heaven, and shall I be loth to go; and all this because *this* Body must dye first? Heaven! *O my Soul!* what a sweet and charming word is it, and what a pleasant sound does it make? Heaven! what an happy, and desireable place is

is it? Heaven! what a delightful and ravishing Theme is this? Heaven! is not one Thought, one single view enough to Transport with Joy, and make a Man cry out? oh that I were there! is God now calling me to Heaven? *to Heaven*, the Throne of Divine Majesty, the Presence Chamber of the Eternal King; *to Heaven*, where I shall have the Vision of God, ravishing sights of the Blessed Jesus, and the Company of Holy Angels, and blessed Souls; *to Heaven*, that for Beauty, and Glory Transcends, not only all that has been seen, but all that can be imagin'd, shall I refuse and draw back? how beautiful are these lower Heavens, which are but the Porch and outward Court to the other and how much must the Third Heaven, the Temple of the Divine Majesty, the Habitation of Glorious Angels, in beauty and splendor excel these! is this the place I shall go to when I dye, and can I, with any tolerable shew of reason be unwilling to dye *now*? ah sinful, silly Soul! dost thou draw back, art thou unwilling to leave *this* body? what! to go to Heaven. What! to go to such a glorious happy World. Art thou indeed unwilling, and art thou not to be blam'd? Blam'd! thou art, for what egregious folly is this? can I thus slight Heaven, and not blush to think I do? More-

Moreover, O my Soul! If I am a Christian, I have solemnly taken God for my only Portion, my Ultimate End, and Sovereign Happiness; I love him, and my Saviour above all; more than Father, or Mother, House or Land, Estate or Life; without this superlative, and predominant love I am, I can be no Christian. But O my Soul! is not my lothness to die, when God calls, and would have me, an ill sign my love is not so strong, my affection so warm, and this flame so bright and burning as it ought to be? doth a Man love God? what! and wish to be at an eternal distance from him? what a flat contradiction is this? do I love my God, my Saviour, and the H. Spirit, my guide, and comforter, as much as I ought, and not care how long I am absent from this Blessed Trinity? oh how weak, and defective is my love! did I love my God, as strongly as I love my Friend, my Relations, should I not think it long till I am with him? were the glowing sparks blown up into a flame, did I love, and love as much as I ought, how passionately should I cry out? *My Soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?* How long must I be at this lamented distance? HE is my God, my Life, my Joy, my Happiness, my! All; oh that I were

Psal. 42. 3.

I were with him! oh blessed are they who dwell in his Presence, stand before his Throne, and continually behold his Face! when shall it be so with me? O my God, I love thee, and long to see thee; O my Saviour, I love thee, and I long to see thy Face and have thy company, that I may love thee more; for every view of thee my glorious Jesus will increase the Flame. How long! how long! Lord, how long! is the voice of love; of a strong, and burning love. Doth God by this present sickness call me to come from Earth to Heaven, from my Friends to him, from my Relations who love me, pity me, pray for, and weep over me; to my Saviour, who loves me more, and is able to help me, and am I unwilling? do I shrink, draw back, and wish to tarry longer? is there not some great defect in my love? doth it not want many of those degrees it ought to have? *Holy Lord! Blessed Jesus!* I am troubled, I am ashamed to find so much unwillingness in my self to die *now*; because I am convinc'd my love to thee is not so strong as it should be. O pity and pardon me! oh help me to love thee more, and better, and then I shall obey thy Summons, and be willing to come to thee; tho' Death, and the Grave be in my Way: that I may, let me

me love thee more, and better *Lord!*

Hath not God *O my Soul!* promised me a future Glory, and confirmed that Promise with an Oath? Hath he not revealed much of Heaven to me, that I might not be an utter stranger to that unseen World? hath he not given me many sweet foretastes of it, in Meditation, and Prayer, in Sermons, and in my Sacramental Communion, that I might desire, long, and thirst after more? What delightful hours! what holy Communion, with God, Father, Son, and Spirit. what joyful views, what ravishing prospects of Heaven have I sometimes had! have I not had those sights of God in the Sanctuary? those discoveries of his love, and that sense of his favour, that I have cried out. *Lord, it is good for me to be here?* Have I not had that Communion with God in my secret retirements, and have I not been fill'd with those joys on my Knees, that I have had no more mind to the little things of time, to the Vanities here below? have not I sometimes been so refresh'd, reviv'd, and comforted; so satisfied, and transported with joy that I have long'd for Heaven that I might be capable of, and enjoy more? can't I remember the time (tho' alas! it hath been too seldom so) when I would have been glad to have gone from my Closet,

set, and from my Knees to Heaven? and shall I be unwilling now? what did a good God vouchsafe all this to me for, but to make me long for Heaven, and willing to die? why did he give me these first fruits, but that I might long for the Harvest? these Clusters of *Canaan*, but that I might long for the Vintage? These Tasts, but that I might long to drink a full Draught of those *Rivers of Pleasure*, which are *as his Right Hand for evermore*? Lord, continue, and increase those joys now, and I will readily dye.

Isa. 16. 11.

Moreover, *O my Soul!* hath not God continued me in Life, and being a great while? I might have died in my Infancy, Childhood, and Youth, but I did not: I might have died in the *Morning*, or at *Noon*, but I have lived unto the *Evening*. How many are dead, and gone, while I am yet spar'd? how many thousands hath Death removed out of the World, since I came into it! how many Funerals have I survived! how many younger persons have I out-liv'd! I have sometimes been sick; but did not God recover, restore, and raise me up again? this House of Clay hath often totter'd; but hath not God repaired and yet kept it standing? the Arrows of Death have been flying about me, and many thousands have fallen on my

right

right hand; and many on my left, but they have had no commission to touch me: many have been called out of the Vineyard at the first, third, and sixth hour, and I have been continued to the ninth, nay to the eleventh. Have not I lived thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years, when thousands have not lived so many months, weeks, or days? and is it not shameful for me to be unwilling to dye *now*? after I have lived in the World so long, shall I be as loth to dye as those who are but newly come into it? *unthankful Soul!* is this the return thou makest to God for so much time and patience? the poor Infant of a few days, may say, must I dye almost as soon as I am born? go from one Grave to another? come upon the Stage only to look about me, take a short turn and so go off? the young man may say, am I arriv'd at that period of Life, wherein Nature is strongest, and I am most capable of relishing the pleasures of it, and must I go now to a lonesome, and solitary Grave? must I go to Bed in the Morning, and my Sun go down at Noon-day? must my Candle be blown out by the Breath of Death, when it might Burn much Longer? must I in my Youth, Strength, and the Flower of my Age be thy mark and game, O heard-hearted Death, when

so many old, and decrepit ones, who in civility may be willing to retire to the Grave, and make room for others; and of whom the World is weary, are passed by? O Death, Death, dost thou refuse the halt, the lame, and the blind, and must I, one of the best of the Flock, be singled out, and be laid as a Sacrifice on thine Altar? If this be the Young Mans complaint, what can be the old Mans Apology? will it not be as weak as himself?

Eccl. 1. 2.

Have not I had a sufficient time to prepare for Death, and Judgment? Have not I lived long enough to make an experiment of what the World can do for me? Long enough to confirm that old maxim, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity*; and is not my unwillingness to die now inexcusable? How shameful, *O my lingering Soul!* is it for me, an old Disciple, after I have been trained up in the School of Christ so many years; after I have heard so many plain, and convincing Lectures of the vanity of the World, the certainty of Death, the glory of Heaven, and happiness of eternity, to shrink, and draw back, when so many younger have cheerfully submitted to the will of God!



Dost thou not, *O my Soul* ! by this time see there is reason, why thou should'st be willing *now*, to put off this earthly Tabernacle ? Let me now hear what thou canst object against this, which is thy duty, honour, and interest.

Am I loth to die *now*, because I shall leave relations, who have their dependance on me, and to whom, I have been useful ? Foolish talk ! cannot God who provided for 'em by, take care of them without me ? And if they are his, will he not ? Cannot God who is the Fountain, be better than I, who am but a Cistern, and a broken Cistern too ? May I not leave my solitary Widow, and Fatherless children with God ?

Am I loth to die *now*, because I must take my final leave of Friends, and Relations, whom I have lov'd, with whom I have liv'd, and conversed with much delight ? *Foolish Soul* ! loth to leave them ! what, to go to God, Christ, and company infinitely better, to enjoy which, for one hour, is much better, than to enjoy theirs for an age.

Am I unwilling to die *now*, because of those pains, and pangs, those sharp conflicts and agonies I must endure, before body and Soul do part ? Fond reasoning ! must not these pains be endured at one

time or other ? will not Death be Death, that is, be attended with some pains whenever it comes ? Had I not better take heart, and undergo them once, and that *now*, than be terrified many years longer with the fears and melancholy prospect of them ? Will not these pains be my last ; and when they are over ( and in a few hours they will ) shall not I be at perfect ease and rest ? Hath God done, and the blessed Jesus suffered so much for me ? Is Heaven so blessed and glorious a place, that it transcends all I can imagin ? And shall I make excuses, and frame Apologies, resist, and struggle, be backward and unwilling to endure a little pain that I might go to God, and Christ, and be in Heaven ? Have not many endured more and greater pain, in hope of less advantage ? Have I not a Saviour, who experimentally knows what it is to be pain'd, and die, to stand by, succour, support, and assist me in this terrible passage from Time to Eternity ? Finally, O my trembling Soul ! may not the pains of that hour be much less, than I fear, think, and apprehend they will be ?

Am I loth to die *now*, because *this* body must go to the grave, rot, and putrifie, and lie a long time among Worms ? Fond affections to a lump of Clay ! is this the

the reason of my unwillingness? *O wretched, sinful Soul!* where's thy Faith concerning that fundamental Article, *the Resurrection of the Dead*? Is not Christ risen, and shall not they that sleep in Christ rise too? Will not the glorious morning quickly dawn? Will not the day of redemption of the body ere long come? And shall not *this Body, this very Body* of mine be quickned, raised, and in all respects be much better than now it is? Will it not be a Beautiful, and Comely; a Strong, and Healthful; a Powerful, and Active; a Spiritual and Immortal Body? Will not a time come when our last enemy, DEATH, shall be destroyed, and mortality be swallowed up of LIFE? When I shall sleep in the dust, I shall not think the time long, and when my Lord shall come, and the trumpet sound, and *arise ye Dead* shall be spoken by the mighty, and powerful Jesus, shall I not live, and dye no more? Therefore let me be willing to die *once*; and since I must *once*, let me be willing to die *now*.

What is there, *O my Soul!* in this vain, wretched, and sinful World, that I should desire to stay yet longer in it?

What is *this* Flesh, *this* Body, that I should be loth to lay it in the grave? What can be frightful and terrible in death, since Christ hath conquer'd, disarm'd it, and taken out the sting? What is there, in the other World, I am so loth to go unto it? Have not I sinn'd, and suffer'd, sorrow'd, and griev'd, groan'd, and wept long enough already? Have I not been afflicted, tempted, and buffeted long enough already? Why do I not long for deliverance? Look, *O my Soul!* Heaven is prepared, the gates are open, and there's a mansion for thee. Hearken, listen, thy God, thy Jesus, calls, saying, come Christian, come away, from a dark, and sinful, miserable, and defiled World; to this World of Life, Light, and Love. Angels, and Saints, *O my Soul!* are longing for thy arrival; with one consent they wish thee safely landed: The former are ready to be thy convoy to *yonder* glorious World; the latter with a triumphant joy will welcome thee, as soon as ever thou comest thither. Linger no longer, but go out, *O my Soul!* go out with Joy, and Triumph.

My God hath prepared Heaven for me, an happiness beyond, infinitely beyond all my thoughts, hopes, and wishes; an happiness that will amaze, and transport me as soon as ever I am landed on that blessed shore; an happiness that is perfect, without any defect; and eternal without any end. My blessed, and loving Jesus hath by his sufferings, blood-shed, and Death purchased Heaven, and a Mansion for me. What a glorious, blessed Heaven must that be which was the purchase of such sacred, pretious, and invaluable blood! is Heaven the purchase of my Saviours warmest blood? Excellent place! This, all this am I now called to take possession of; but oh how loth, and unwilling am I to go! it is my sin, my shame, and folly that I am so; pardon; pity, and help me *Lord!*

I have been speaking to my self, chiding, reproving, blaming, and persuading this sinful, silly, and backward heart of mine; but to what little purpose? And now, *dear Lord;* I turn my self, and speak to thee, for I shall never be willing except thy Spirit, and Grace make me so. I see that Heaven is on the other side; but yet how loth am I to step into

a dark, cold, and solitary grave ! I am convinc'd that Heaven is better than Earth ; that it is worth a dying to go to God, and Christ ; and yet I cannot ( ah ! what a sinful, wretched heart have I ! ) I cannot long, and wish to die : Oh pardon my lothness and backwardness ; and give me a more humble, obedient, submissive, and resigning frame ! that if *this Cup must not now pass from me*, I may imitate my dear Saviour, in the like circumstances, chearfully saying, *Father, not my will, but thine be done*. The arguments I have used are weighty and serious ; sufficient to convince my judgment, stop my mouth, and make me silent ; but after all ( O pity pardon and help me ! ) I find I am backward, and loth to die *now*. Lord, make me content ; content ! that's too little, make me desirous to die, and to die *now*. God forbid that after all, my Soul should be violently rent and torn from me.

Luk. 22.42.

*Lord !* Let me have such a firm belief of a future happiness, such lively hopes, and clear evidences of my right and title to it, such a burning and flaming love to thee, my God, to thee, my Saviour, such pleasing foretastes of Heavenly joys, such

such a reviving prospect of that glorious future state that I might overcome the fears of Death, the terrors of the Grave, and Triumph over both. That I may long, and pant, desire, groan, and wish to be with Christ, which I must, and do acknowledge to be far better. *Lord!* inspire my departing Soul, with that Faith, Hope, and Love, that I may now glorify Thee, credit Religion, and commend thy holy Ways; that I may strengthen the weak, and encourage the fearful by a chearful, and willing, comfortable and triumphant departure. Sanctify these afflictions, and pains, and this present sickness to me, and let them put me upon longing after Heaven, where are none: answer my doubts, expel my fears, arm, and fortify; comfort, and encourage my weak, drooping, and trembling Soul; and the nearer I draw to my end, the more warm and earnest let my desires be. Oh for thy holy Spirit, to excite those Heavenly and Spiritual desires in me, which I cannot raise in my self!

O thou almighty, and victorious Jesus, who hast conquer'd Death and the Grave, enable me in these my last moments to triumph over them; saying, O DEATH,  
*where*

1 Cor. 15. 55. *where is thy Sting? O GRAVE, where is thy victory?* Many experiences have I had, of thy Grace and Mercy; love and kindness, *O my Saviour!* forsake me not now in this my last extremity: *O Blessed Jesu!* who hast been my support and help in Life, be my Strength, my Comfort, and my Joy at Death.

While in this my last sickness I have been speaking, sometimes to my self, and sometimes unto God; I have obtain'd the Mercy I wanted, and laboured after; *a willingness to die now*; my doubts are answered, my fears remov'd, my sins are pardoned, God is reconciled, my Conscience pacified, my hopes are lively, my evidences clear, my assurance strong, and my joy full; and now, thanks be to God, how do I long to dye! shall I be afraid of Death? What! of a baffled, vanquish'd, and conquer'd Enemy? I am not, I was, but now blessed be God, I am not. Am I a Member of Christ, a Son of God, an Heir of Heaven? and shall I be afraid of thee, O Death? through Grace, O mine Enemy, I am not. Methinks I am already in the Suburbs of Heaven, and I long to enter into that holy City. I have a prospect of yonder blessed World, and this prospect is so ravishing,  
and



and transporting, that I wish for a present possession. No Heir ever longed more for his Inheritance; no Captive ever longed more for Liberty; no sick and pained man ever longed more for ease, than I now do for Heaven. When I am there, what charming musick shall I hear! what glorious sights shall I behold! what blessed and delightful company shall I have! what joy will enter into, possess, and fill this Soul of mine! what a Mansion of Light, and Glory shall I enter into, when I have put off this earthly Tabernacle! how does a thought of this make my fettered, and yet imprisoned Soul, cry out? How long! Lord, how long! farewell, vain World, farewell; not Earth, but Heaven is my home, and I long, groan, and wish to be there. Is the time of my departure at hand? Is the time come that I must die? Lord, I do submit, thy holy will be done. My Body I chearfully bequeath unto the dust; O faithful grave, keep what I commit unto thee, *this Body* till my Lord shall come, and then deliver it up: In the dust shall this flesh of mine sleep, and rest in hope. My Soul, my pretious and immortal Soul, O my God, I resign to thee; *into thine hand I commit my Spirit: Thou* Psal. 31. 5. *hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.* Father

Luk. 23. 46. *ther into thy hands I commit my Spirit. Lord*

*Acts 7. 59. Jesus receive my Spirit. Must I die now!*

Lord, acquiescing in thy will, believing  
thy promise, trusting in thy mercy, thro'  
the **ALL-SUFFICIENT MERITS** of  
thy Son, and my Saviour, I wait; wait!

Lord, I long for the happy moment:  
And my last Petition, and dying prayer

Rev. 22. 10. *shall be, Come Lord Jesus, come quickly;*

*1 Thes. 4. that I might be for ever with the Lord, come*

*17. Lord Jesus, come quickly: Amen, Amen.*

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**F I N I S.**

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